

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE GIRLS WHO BUILT A CHAPEL

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THE HEROISM OF FATHER ROSS

200 PEOPLE SAVED

Fate of a Tribe in the Balance
in New Guinea

AMERICAN MISSIONARY TO THE RESCUE

Through the heroism of Father Ross, an American missionary, 200 men, women, and children of the Mogei tribe in New Guinea have been saved from a horrible death.

Last year they were living peaceably on a narrow strip of land which juts northward near Mount Hagen. Suddenly one day they found themselves surrounded on three sides by a hostile tribe who, as the months went by, made a series of terrible raids. Each time several were killed, and the survivors were pushed farther away from their own tribe. They knew that unless help came there would be a great massacre.

Peace-Loving People

One night they managed to send a message to their friends, begging them to save them; but the Mogei chiefs shrank from intervening. It would have meant years of warfare, and they were peace-loving people. They urged the besieged people to come and make their home with them.

The distracted messenger went to the nearest Government station, more than a hundred miles away. Again he was disappointed. Only prompt help could save them, but this was not forthcoming.

Every day the plight of the survivors grew worse. As their numbers diminished the raids grew more frequent. When only 200 were left they thought of a white man, renowned for his wisdom and courage, who lived some distance away, and sent him a despairing appeal.

A Rapturous Welcome

Father Ross, with the help of another priest, runs a lonely mission station near Mount Hagen, and on receiving the S.O.S. he and four servants, armed with rifles, hurried to the rescue, crossing a dangerous tract of country. Thousands of fierce tribesmen were in the neighbourhood, and beyond his friend there was not another white man for 150 miles.

They had a rapturous welcome from the terrified people, who gladly left their homes and gardens when he offered to escort them to their friends. Hastily they collected their belongings and food for the journey, and even the children were heavily laden. They feared at any moment to meet an ambush during the two days they travelled across the hostile country, but by what seemed a miracle they reached the land of their people in safety. All the time Father Ross, like Moses in the

Continued in the last column

We Three From America



A little lady arriving at Southampton on the Berengaria

IN THE LINE OF PRINCES

The Polite Boy of Mashpee

The Boy Scout spirit must be inborn among the North American Mashpee Indians, as a little tale may tell.

In Massachusetts was the old Mashpee kingdom, and where Cape Cod looks out on the Atlantic is the oldest Indian church in America, built in 1684 when the Mashpees first became Christians.

One day when Mr Samuel Davis, a wealthy American, was motoring through Mashpee along a wind-swept road his hat blew off. A small boy who looked like a Red Indian ran and picked it up, brushed it, and came with it to the car. Mr Davis reached to his pocket.

"Here, my lad," said he, "buy yourself a fish pole," for he noticed that the boy was carrying a stick with a string and a bent pin for a hook.

"Oh, no, thank you, sir," said the boy; "my mother has told me never to accept anything for being polite."

Courtesy To Strangers

Mr Davis was moved to ask the boy about his family. His great-great-grandfather, the boy told Mr Davis, was a Red Indian chief, and all Mashpee was once his land. "My mother," concluded this descendant of princes, "says that we must always be courteous to strangers who come to our kingdom."

Underneath the hat of Mr Davis, as he put it on and drove away, a big idea was beginning to take shape. He told his lawyer of it when he got home. He had a codicil made to his will leaving £10,000 for a fund to give prizes, gold pieces, and medals, once a year, to all the children of Mashpee whose teachers found them kind and polite.

Politeness brings now something more than its own reward round about Cape Cod. This midsummer 16 Indian children marched into the old church to receive gold pieces in recognition of their good manners and kind actions, and others were given medals and badges.

Mashpee must be on the way to producing a new kind of boy, and we hope that, while the gold medallists remember Mr Davis, they do not forget the boy whose true politeness won the reward for them.

Continued from the first column

Wilderness, had kept up their spirits and given them confidence.

Thousands of the Mogei were waiting to welcome them. There were ceremonial speeches and feasting, and land was allotted to each family.

Father Ross, having finished his task, slipped away back to his mission station in the mountains. He may think little of it all, but the Mogei people will not forget, and generations to come will know him as a hero.

Italy Has an Admirer

SAN MARINO has recognised Italy's annexation of Ethiopia.

This country of 30 square miles, the smallest of the world's republics, has made a bid for the lead in showing the Great Powers the way they should go.

Its acres are few, its resources (supplemented by the issue of new postage stamps) are small, but they are enough to pay for the medals which San

Marino has conferred on Signor Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel for valour.

Like these two great heroes its army of 1000 men did not visit the seat of war. San Marino, which nestles under the wing of Italy in a northern corner of the Adriatic, kept sternly aloof. Now, as M. Paul Cambon said of some neutrals in another war, it flies valiantly to the aid of the conqueror.

When the Titanic Went Down

WHEN the Titanic was sunk by collision with an iceberg in the North Atlantic a wave of pity and dismay went round the world.

Twenty-four years after the ripples have not subsided. The relief fund for the benefit of those who had lost husband, brother, father, or other breadwinner in the disaster paid grants to 256 people, 157 of them widows. Most of the relief went to Southampton, the home of many of the crew. London,

Liverpool, and Exeter also had claims.

The Titanic was not the only ship whose loss at sea is still marked by allowances made to the dependents of those who went down with her. The Lusitania has still 13 pensioners; the Empress of Ireland, sunk by collision in a fog in the St Lawrence with a loss of over 900 lives, has 66.

The Empress of Ireland was sunk in 1914 before the war began. The Lusitania was sunk by torpedo in 1917.

A STEP OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

IS IT GOOD OR BAD?

Better Relations in
Central Europe

GERMANY'S PROMISE TO AUSTRIA

In the quick changes which come about in Europe it is not always easy to say whether they promise good or ill.

The quick change that has come over the relations of Germany with Austria appears to have possibilities of great good and great evil, but we may all be grateful that it promises to make things easier in Central Europe. If all those concerned are honest the new agreement is excellent; the great fear expressed in some quarters is that the coming together of the Dictators (the big Dictators of Germany and Italy and the little Dictator of Austria) may have a bad effect in the long run.

Let us try to believe in the good intentions of all concerned, and be thankful that Germany has at last accepted the independence of Austria as a Sovereign State. It is something gained that Herr Hitler should admit for the first time that a German State may exist without being Nazi, for one of the main ideas of Hitlerism has been that all Germans must be Nazis.

It is all to the good to have it recognised that Austria is an entirely free country, and to remove from her the anxiety of a threatened German attack.

If it is true, as The Times puts it, that France is afraid that Herr Hitler is tired of shaking the tree and has made up his mind to wait till the apples fall, that is surely the best way for all of us to work, the way of peaceful evolution.

It is to be hoped that Germany will now be invited to come into conference with France, Britain, Belgium, and Italy to draw up a new Locarno Agreement As for Danzig, the attitude of Germany is still not clear, and there are those who fear that in agreeing with Austria she may be keeping her hands free to take more daring steps elsewhere. The danger inherent in the situation is the impossibility of knowing what an irresponsible Dictator will do.

GADDUM HOUSE AND MR GADDUM

In Gaddum House at Manchester, the new headquarters of the city's voluntary work, a man who has been doing voluntary work for the poor for thirty years receives recognition long overdue.

Mr H. E. Gaddum, after whom the house is named, is one of those modest retiring men who, all his lifetime, has been quietly doing all in his power for the poor. At the opening ceremony by the Lord Mayor of Manchester a friend said Mr Gaddum had done more for them than any one man he had ever known.

Gaddum House will accommodate Social Service Societies, the officers of Girls' Clubs, and a dozen others.

A RIVER BREAKS LOOSE

When the Bolton-Bury-Manchester Canal burst its banks near Bolton not long ago the rush of water naturally did a great deal of damage, but it uncovered a coal seam and spectators were able to help themselves to coal.

There are many coal seams near the surface in some parts of the country not valuable enough to be worked.

LET NOT YOUR LEFT HAND KNOW

For thirteen years an unknown friend has given a huge sum of money to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

This year the gift has come again, a secret gift of £10,000, making a total of £88,500, all of which has been distributed to London hospitals.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Kent Guides at Knole

The Chief Guide has been round the world and seen many spectacles in the last year, yet we may well believe her when she said last week-end that she had seen none that moved her more than the sight of the Guides of Kent.

They were holding their Rally in Knole Park, and a magnificent sight it was to see 9000 Guides marching round with their flags in the noble setting of Lord Sackville's spreading beeches and the grey walls of his famous house. The Queen of Rumania and Princess Ileana were there and must have thought it well worth while.

The weather was the 1936 English brand, and therefore nothing to write home about, and in the midst of it all a black cloud burst and scattered 9000 Guides like a flock of unfrightened sheep; but Kent Guides are not to be beaten, and the 9000 were soon at their posts again, round the camp fire, singing as hard as Miss Alison Tennant could make them, and listening to a perfectly admirable talk by Lady Baden-Powell. The county standard was won by the Frinestead Company.

One sad note there was, for parting is such sweet sorrow, and it was the last great gathering of her Guides the County Commissioner will see for five years. Lady Cochrane's husband is the new Governor of Burma, and so Kent loses its Commissioner and Burma gains those qualities that have won for her so warm a place in the hearts of thousands of Kent folk and of all Kent Guide-dom. The thousand Guiders of Kent gave her a picture of her old home by Donald Maxwell.

And so the Rally was Hail to the Chief and Farewell to the Commissioner. At least Lady Cochrane takes away with her the memory of this spectacle of her Guides at their very best, fit and trim and all in tune, smiling in the rain and pulling through whatever comes.

FOR THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

Moving Scene on a Battlefield

There was a moving scene at Verdun on Sunday when tens of thousands of Frenchmen who were in the Battle of Verdun in 1916 gathered on the scene of battle to renew an oath to defend peace.

A torch lit from the flame burning under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris had been carried to Rheims the night before and brought to Verdun at the head of a great procession, and a soldier bore it to the memorial, and with it lit the lamp burning at the top. The bugles sounded the Last Post, and each man, in deep silence, dropped a flower on the grave near which he stood, murmuring: "For the peace of the world."

He repeated these words three times, and finally they were repeated by a child standing alone amid the crowds.

A GOOD WAY OF GETTING RID OF A NUISANCE

The London hospitals and the London police have agreed on a good way of getting rid of a nuisance.

Instead of 66 hospital flag days, as we had in London last year, we are next year to have a Hospitals Week, and no other flag days for hospitals except Alexandra Rose Day and a day in October for special hospitals.

All the money collected during that week (and it is hoped everybody will give in this one week what they are used to giving during the year) will be divided among the hospitals, and only on three days of the week will emblems be sold. Each district will be covered only once, but the flag-selling will cover three days in order to catch the suburbs on a Saturday afternoon and the City on a working day. Also, it is less risky than choosing one day which may be wet.

BITTER DISASTER IN USA

Tremendous Drought
OUR BREAD WILL BE DEARER

North America has been visited by one of the worst droughts in its history, the third in four years.

Between the droughts have been floods, and, a more threatening symptom still, great dust storms, when the top soil of the wheat areas is lifted bodily and carried for miles across country.

The immediate result has been the destruction of over 100 million bushels of American wheat, which is as much as Great Britain imports in half a year. In Canada the drought has been less destructive, and its wheatfields are now sending wheat to the United States; but the Canadian crop falls below expectations, and the largest wheat area of the world will this year have a shortage. It is a strange contrast to the conditions only a few years ago when farmers in the north-west of the North American continent were burning wheat because they could not sell it.

Suffering Cattle

For the United States the disasters of the drought do not end there. The cattle suffer. They are dying for want of pasture as well as of water and are now being driven to States where shade and grass can still be found.

This agricultural disaster has come on the United States while President Roosevelt is still grappling with an economic crisis and with unemployment. It is the realisation of a threat which the President and his scientific advisers have been trying to make the American public understand for a number of years.

A drought cannot be foretold or escaped, but its consequences have been made worse by the ploughing up of the prairies, the felling of forests, the needless exhaustion of pasture. Great areas of the green land have become a dust bowl. Irrigation has been neglected. The Tennessee Valley irrigation scheme was rejected.

This year's drought is Nature's latest word. Its consequences to America and to the world have been summed up by the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington. The world's wheat supply is the smallest for nine years. The wheat-exporting countries will be able to spare only 388 million bushels instead of the 532 millions of last year. Bread will be dearer.

LORD HUGH CECIL GOES TO SCHOOL AGAIN

Provost of Eton

Lord Hugh Cecil leaves the House of Commons to become Provost of Eton. It is almost like an elevation to the House of Lords.

The Commons will miss in him its most polished speaker. He made no pretensions to oratory but he had the gift of always speaking to the point. His was the wit that was always in place and never out of place, and in the 41 years of his parliamentary life the House never found him tedious.

His views were always based on deep conviction, and so, whether they pleased his listeners or not, were always heard with respect. He never had to suffer interruptions.

Eton will be the gainer by an intellect the House of Commons will lose. Benign and proud and shy, the Provost will be an ornament to the ancient foundation, and will find in him, in spite of his 66 years, a boy at heart. He is no severe critic of the modern boy, whom, in his own words, he finds well-mannered, charming, and frank. Commendation from Lord Hugh is praise indeed.

It has been decided to spend about £20,000,000 more on defence this year, over half of it for the Air.

OXFORD GROUP AT THE ALBERT HALL

Awakening Movement
in 40 Countries

CHANGING LIVES

We have been to some enthusiastic meetings at the Albert Hall, but the rally of the Oxford Group, attended by over 8000 members, beat them all.

It was a gala night, for the hall was hung with flags of the more than 40 countries in which the movement is making headway. Some members of the chorus which sang The Song of the Bridge Builders, telling of the movement's aim

*To build together
What none shall sever,
Bridges from man to man
The whole Earth round to span!*

came from Norway and Denmark.

A Russian princess, a French baroness, a German singer, a Fleet Street newspaper man, mill hands from Yorkshire, and others in many walks of life spoke of the difference the Group is making in homes, in business, and in politics.

The Oxford Group, indeed, is becoming a mighty international force for good.

A professor from Pretoria said that he used to hate the English. Now he cannot speak highly enough of them. He spoke also of the better understanding among the white and coloured races.

Not long ago a Danish barrister wrote that the movement has brought Danes and Germans in South Jutland together, thus ending a national quarrel. At a Parliamentary committee meeting in Copenhagen comment was made on the remarkable number of payments of arrears of taxes. The Minister of Finance exclaimed, "Ah, that is Oxford!" And Oxford it was.

In Norway, said the Bishop of Tromsø, the Group has brought about the greatest awakening since the Reformation.

THE KING'S GREETING

The girl in the spinal carriage wheeled by her mother must have felt she had little chance of seeing the King among the crowds gathered at Portsmouth the other day to greet him.

But the King saw her. He caught sight of her in the Dockyard after he had inspected the Middlesex Regiment, and went out of his way to get to where she lay. Instead of waving a pale hand to distant royalty, she found the King actually greeting her, shaking her by the hand, and staying to chat with her and her mother.

THE DOG AND ITS MASTER

The cleverness of a dog in leading its blind master was shown outside the House of Commons last week when a handsome Alsatian started from the member's entrance and led its master through the traffic of Parliament Square.

Leaving the cloisters, they crossed Bridge Street and two more busy lines of traffic, and from St Margaret's returned to the starting-point. Whenever Bella came to a step or the edge of the pavement she stopped, thus warning her master what to expect. Before leading him across the road she always waited till the traffic had been stopped.

THINGS SAID

In future men may be housed in buildings containing 10,000 people.

Mr G. A. Jellicoe, architect

Education has made 99 in 100 incapable of seeing anything but the printed word.

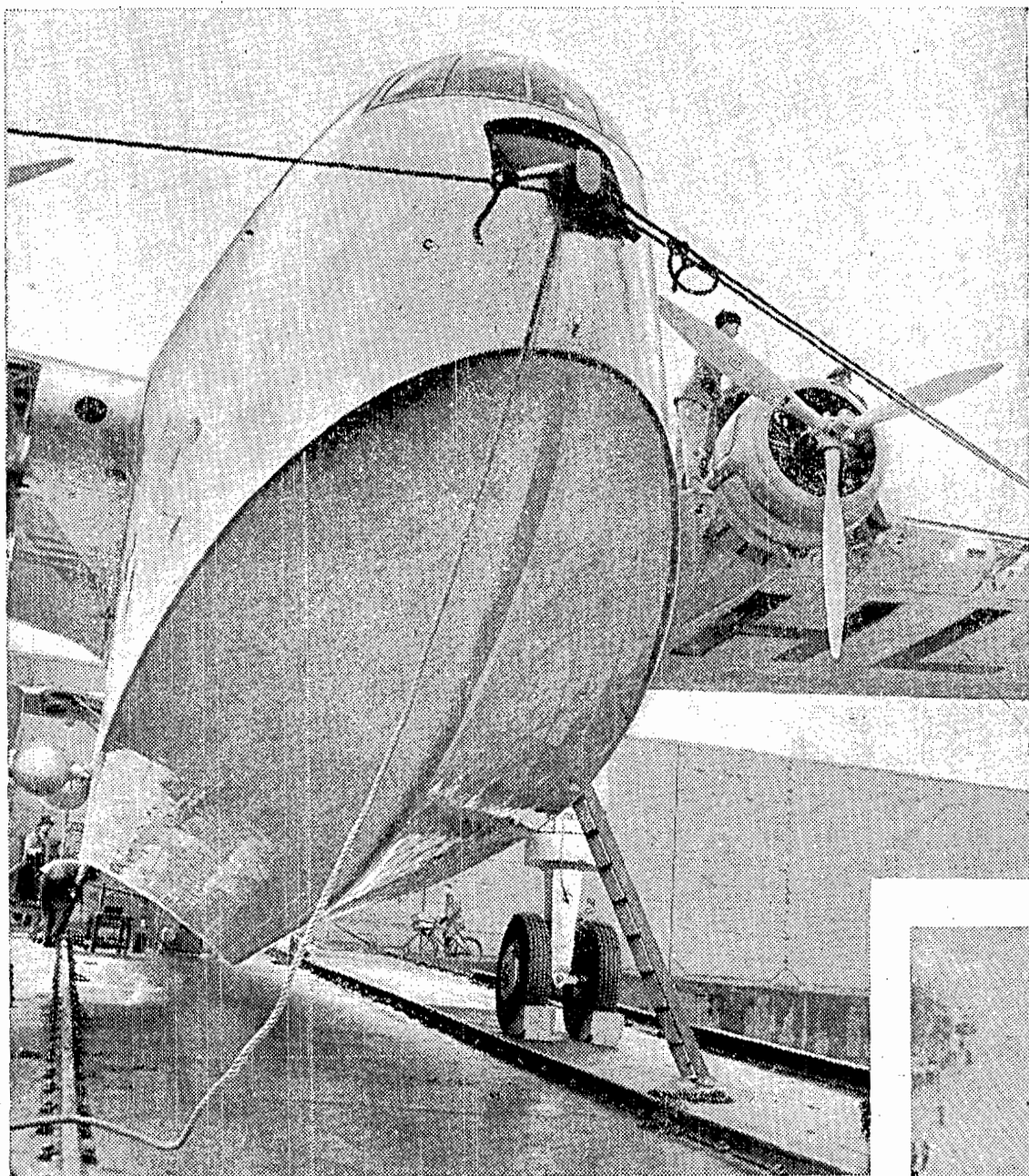
Director of Leeds Art Gallery

The schools should teach more craftsmanship.

Mr Philip Hendy

I hope the children of the future will go round the world in warships turned into pleasure ships. Mr George Lansbury

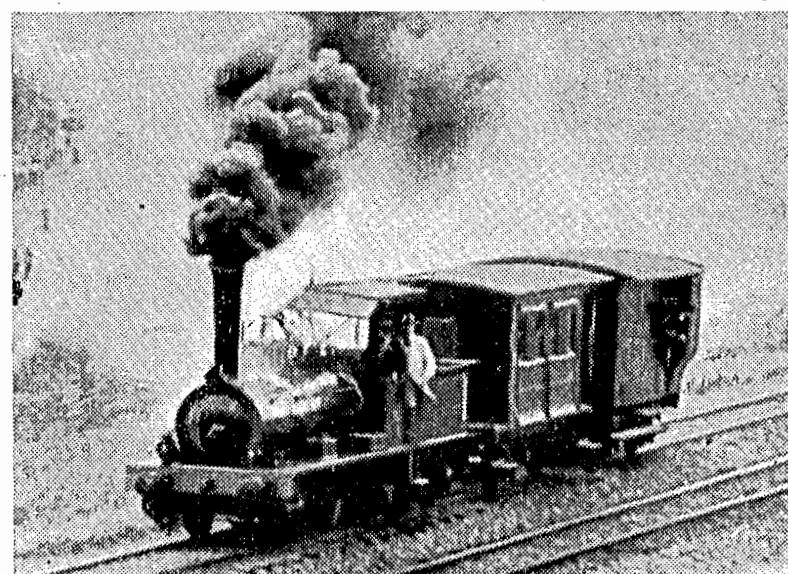
A Flying Giant • Solid Fuel For Motors • An Old Train



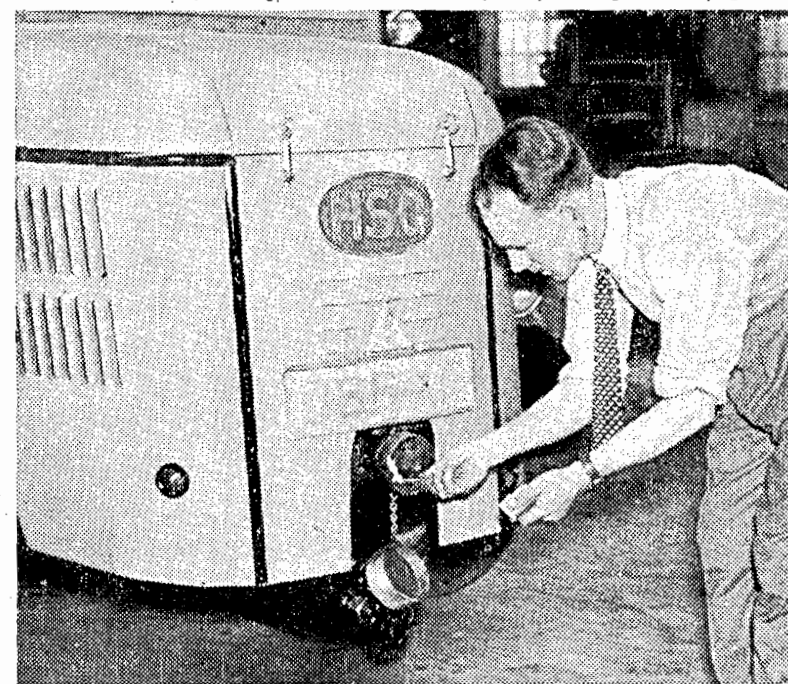
A Flying Giant—An impressive view of the Canopus, first of a fleet of 29 big flying-boats for Empire services, which made its first flight at Rochester last week.



On the Norfolk Broads—A picturesque scene near Acle Bridge.



An Australian Veteran—Queensland's first train, 1865, runs again for a pageant.



Substitute For Petrol—A new type of lorry has an internal combustion engine which runs on coke and other solid fuels. The picture on the left shows a bag of coke being poured into the engine, and on the right a lighted match is being applied.

A PARLIAMENT OF FAITH

THE COMING TOGETHER OF ALL BELIEVERS

Wonderful World Conference Now Ending in London

THE WAY TO THE LIGHT

A wonderful coming together of men and women of faith from all over the world has been the World Congress of Faiths now closing in London.

Its purpose has been to find a road toward world fellowship, a fellowship that will be active for good and strong to dissolve those poisons of self-interest, suspicion, and hatred that set class against class, nation against nation, and race against race, making life bitter and perilous for all.

The Principle of Loving-Kindness

In every country and every clime there are thoughtful and "faithful" people who know in their hearts that the injustice and discord so rife in our world are all wrong.

They all have in their hearts a sense of the great mystery that surrounds us; they know that there must be a Great Principle of Loving-Kindness in the universe, because they feel its working in their own hearts. This awe, this love, this wonder and joy in the heart of every good man is the basis of his religion.

Why, then, should religion be a separating thing, as it so often has been in the past? Rightly viewed, is it not really the great thing that unites all mankind? It is such questions as these that the Congress met to discuss.

The Great Light

The Congress does not wish to establish a new religion, or to attempt to say that any one interpretation of the mysteries that surround us is more wise or true than another. It takes the view, so often expressed in the C.N., that Truth is like a great mountain in the centre of a vast plain peopled with all the races of man. The mountain's crest, bathed in a shining light, is the object of veneration of every inhabitant of the plain; each one knows that his life will only have attained its true end when he himself is bathed in that wonderful light. But, as no two people see the mountain from exactly the same place, every one has a different view of it and would paint a different picture. How futile to quarrel over which picture is the real one!

As for the ways of reaching the light, are they not many and varied? Among each group of men on the plain leaders spring up with ideas as to the best way to reach the great light. There is no need for one group to hate the other because one leader advises bare feet and a long path, while another thinks mountain boots and heading straight for the summit is best.

World Fellowship

The World Congress of Faiths has met to talk of the Mountain. Six views of the Supreme Spiritual Ideal were presented by men and women of six nations: a Jewish View, a Hindu View, a Buddhist View, a Christian View, a Moslem View, and an Independent View.

The Spirit of Peace and the Spirit of War were also among the subjects discussed, followed by a Ground Plan for World Fellowship. The C.N. believes that if the ideal of this Congress could triumph over the defeatist tendencies of our times a very real step would be taken toward creating that Kingdom of Heaven of which good men and true have dreamed since the world began.

Sir Francis Younghusband, whose long life has been filled with adventure, has been working for years to bring this Congress about, and it is, he says, the greatest adventure in which he has ever been engaged.

BEAR OR HIPPO?

A Great Creature Waking Up

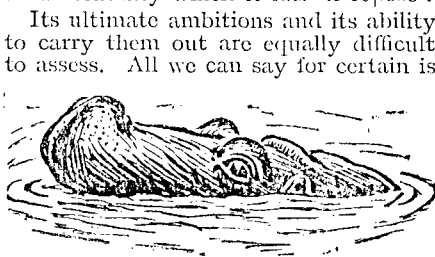
Is this not a very striking picture of the Russia that our fathers knew and the Russia that we know? It is from a very memorable leading article in The Times on this great country which has now 170 million people.

In the International Bestiary on which cartoonists rely Russia has always figured as a bear.



Under the Tsars her shaggy bulk, her periodic somnolence, and her penchant for the honey-pots of Empire combined to justify this identification. Today she could more aptly be compared to a hippopotamus, submerged save for snout and eyes. The bulk is still there, but we have no means of judging its capacities. If roused to action which way would the beast go, and how far would it get? Would it retain that almost complete invulnerability which it has in repose?

Its ultimate ambitions and its ability to carry them out are equally difficult to assess. All we can say for certain is



that here—or at any rate not so very far away—is a very big animal with a short but sensational pedigree and a confident look in its eye.

THE BOY WHO LOVES SHIPS

A Little Gift For the Big Windjammer

All the world seems to have a kind thought for the Herzogin Cecilie.

When that gallant four-masted barque went ashore on the rocks of South Devon everyone was sorry for her and for her master, Captain Sven Eriksson, whose fortunes were bound up in her. Everybody rejoiced when, with the help of Cambridge undergraduates, she was got off the rocks and towed to safety.

Before that happened the news of the wreck had gone all over the world. It reached a small boy at Hong Kong whose sympathy was deep and practical. He wrote to the Herzogin Cecilie's skipper, and this is what he said:

DEAR CAPTAIN ERIKSSON,
How are you?

I have treasured every photograph of a sailing ship I could get. I have pictures of the Herzogin Cecilie, the L'Avenir, Parma, Pommern, Grace Harwar, Olivebank, and Ponape.

I have just made a model of the Herzogin Cecilie, and my father is a captain. I am sending it to help salvage the Herzogin Cecilie.

With sincere wishes,

CALVIN COOK.

It is a sailor's letter, with a sailor's name which should one day be Captain Cook. His mother sends on this letter of her nine-year-old son, with an addition to his subscription to be forwarded to the proper quarters. She thinks the C.N. may be interested. It is, and it has done what it could in the matter.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Callisto	Cal-is-toe
Diomedes	Die-o-meed
Ganymede	Gan-e-meed
Lachish	Lay-kish
Mahé	Mah-hay
Sennacherib	Sen-nak-er-ib
Seychelles	Say-shel

A WORD FROM THE PRINCE

How the Miners Got Their Hall

A word in season spoken by the Prince has had its fulfilment now that he is King.

When King Edward visited the Yorkshire mining town of Featherstone as Prince of Wales three years ago, at a time when it was in the depths of its unemployment, he said that Featherstone should have a proper club.

He meant a club where the many unemployed might find a place to spend the long evenings and the longer days. It was no chance remark, but was a broad hint such as he conveyed to the Provost of Glasgow when, after first visiting the Queen Mary and then the overcrowded slums of Clydebank, he said that these people should have better places to live in.

Glasgow may take the hint. Poor Featherstone had not enough to give the Prince's wishes effect, though it did what it could. But in its extremity a group of London workers, organised by Mr R. C. Olley, agreed to adopt Featherstone and do what they could to help.

They raised £300, and the Featherstone miners, realising that they get most help who help themselves, began to build their own hall. A gale blew it down when half finished, and the miner-builders had to start all over again.

But now it is finished, a fine hall for concerts and dances, friendly gatherings, and a welcome for all. Featherstone will not fear the long winter evenings now, and the story of the hall shows us once again that if we all do something things do come right.

THANKS TO KING GEORGE

Boys and Girls Come Out To Play

King George's people made haste to give a million pounds to his Jubilee Fund in his Jubilee year, and thanks to it we are to have many King George's Fields to play in.

As far as any of us can see there are millions more to come, because the Trust Fund is open for ever. When the youngest among us is a grandfather the money will still be coming in, for as it arrives it will be spent on youth.

It is interesting to see its first year's work. Grants of £100,000, a tenth of the capital sum, have been made for camps for boys and girls. A hostel for working-class boys is being set up in London, a permanent camp for boys and girls is being equipped on the Durham coast near Seaham Harbour. For the first three years the expenditure out of capital will continue at the present rate of £100,000 a year. Then there will be a look round, and we hope it may light on a happy land of boys and girls "come out to play."

SMILED AND WENT AWAY

Australia is approaching the middle of winter and a small dog falling into one of the docks in Melbourne found the water icy cold.

It was almost exhausted with trying to scramble up the slippery and sloping side of the dock when two small boys noticed it. They tried to entice it over to the steps up which it could easily climb, but as it would not come one of the boys stripped off his clothes, plunged into the water, and brought the dog back under his arm. He and his companion took it to a vacant block near by and in a few minutes the dog gave its tail a wag and ran away. The boy who had rescued the dog put on his clothes and ran up and down the block to warm himself and some men asked his name, but he and his companion just smiled and walked away.

DANZIG PROBLEM

The Polish Corridor

A NATION'S ACCESS TO THE SEA

There has been trouble at Danzig ever since the Treaty of Versailles was signed in 1919, and it is well to review the permanent elements at the root of it. The political and economic issues are great and grave.

President Wilson's famous Fourteen Points of Peace, on which the Germans laid down their arms, had this for Number 13:

An independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be afforded a free and secure access to the sea.

To give Poland this access to the sea a way was cut through Germany, dividing East Prussia from West Prussia, and was given to Poland. This forms the famous Polish Corridor, running from the south along the valley of the River Vistula north to the Baltic Sea. It places many Germans under Polish rule.

Nominal Freedom

Making the Polish Corridor raised the question of what was to be done with Danzig. This famous city and port was not only German, but was the capital of West Prussia, and it naturally formed the sea terminus of the Corridor made along the Vistula. The Allies felt that they could not make it part of Poland, and therefore attempted to solve the problem by making it a Free City, the Free City of Danzig. The freedom is only nominal, however, for its domestic affairs are placed under a Commissioner appointed by the League of Nations, while its foreign relations are controlled by Poland.

The Free City includes not only the port but 700 square miles of territory stretching halfway across the northern end of the Polish Corridor. Most of the inhabitants are in the city itself, and an overwhelming majority is German. The last elections returned a Nazi majority who desire to regain German citizenship.

It is fair to remember that German enterprise made Danzig the splendid city and port it is. The loss of it, to say nothing of the Polish Corridor, was for Germany one of the bitterest things forced upon her by the Treaty of Versailles.

Poland's Rival Port

Since 1919 Poland has established a rival port to Danzig. It is called Gdynia, and its development is referred to on page five. The existence of this new port, founded with the aid of French capital, is a big factor in the problem that has now become acute.

Germany and Poland made a treaty of amity in 1934, and it may be hoped that some amicable settlement of the Danzig problem may be arrived at. Danzig has always been a flourishing port, and has gained by Polish trade since 1919. There are many magnificent thoroughfares, and the port works are excellent. The old town has many beautiful buildings, including the great church of St Mary's with its art treasures.

DICTATOR'S ISLAND

If all Dictators were like old Aubrey Robinson, the owner of a Pacific island, the world would have no cause to complain.

The island he dictated was Niihau, of the Hawaiian group, and the last to be owned by one man. The stern old New Zealander, a Scot by descent, had in him something of the spirit of Jolin Knox. No liquor or tobacco for the Niihauans, and not too many visitors. He thought they contaminated the simplicity of native life.

So he kept his island apart from the civilised world, and for some 50 of his 82 years brought it up in the way it should go. We wonder what it will do without him.

POISONING THE PARASITE

Good News For Pigs

There is good news for American pigs, which number 100 millions—more than one hog, as an American once told us, for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

A remedy, produced under the authority of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, is said to have been found for swine fever.

This disease, believed to be caused not by a bacillus but by an invisible virus, is one of the most deadly that attacks the pig. It is extremely infectious, often carried from infected places by pigs which appear to be healthy. So little has it been found to be curable that in Great Britain, when there is an outbreak of swine fever, all infected pigs and those in contact with them have to be killed at once.

The American remedy is the result of a thirty-years research by Dr M. Dorset, who has died before it could be put to a thorough test. It is a peculiar kind of vaccine. Vaccination of a double kind has been found effective in dog distemper, which is also a virus disease, and offers some promise in human influenza, yet another.

It has not been found effective in swine fever in Great Britain, and has been considered dangerous lest some of the vaccinated animals should still carry the infection. But the special characteristic of Dr Dorset's vaccine is that mixed with it is a dye, well known to bacteriologists, known as crystal purple, which kills the living virus but leaves the poison it gives off still active, and therefore capable of creating an antidote.

Moscow's Underground has celebrated its first anniversary without a fatal accident among its seven million passengers.

RAPID RISE OF A VILLAGE

The Port of Gdynia

With Danzig in the news we are reminded of the building of the port of Gdynia on the Baltic shore, established by Poland as a rival to Danzig.

Apart from the political issue this new port may serve to tell us how quickly things are being done in the modern world. In 1919 Gdynia was an obscure fishing village; now, after 17 years, it is a great and flourishing port, with magnificent harbour works and buildings which include all the latest improvements.

Such monuments of rapid enterprise should not be lost upon us. While we are afraid to build a new Charing Cross Bridge or to tackle a distressed area mighty undertakings are completed on the Continent of Europe.

BLACK SWANS ON A PLACID SEA

Bird Flotilla a Mile Long

Black swans are a feature of the wild life of Australia and New Zealand, where these graceful birds live untamed on the rivers, lakes, and lagoons.

To see a flock of from 1500 to 2000 swans extending for about a mile on the calm sea was the pleasant experience of people at Westshore, near Napier, not long ago. The birds had evidently paused there in migrating from one favourite haunt to another. In perhaps a dozen groups they rested lazily on the placid water about 200 yards from shore, like the squadrons of some great fleet or flotilla.

Swans are seldom seen in such great numbers, and perhaps this fine sight may never be seen again. See World Map

THE SNAKE AND ITS FRIEND

A Boa's Hunger Strike

We could hardly imagine boa constrictors to be creatures of sentiment, yet one we have just heard of has shown in an unmistakable way its devotion to a man he considers its friend.

A little while ago Herr Thomsen, the head of the Zoological Garden in Svendborg, Denmark, was ill and had to be taken to hospital. While he was away it was impossible to get the great boa constrictor to take any nourishment. The keepers tried in turn to tempt it with every delicacy favoured by boa constrictors, but in vain. It was a veritable hunger strike.

After a few weeks Herr Thomsen came back, and the great snake immediately livened up and took from his hand whatever he offered. And that this was no mere coincidence is proved by the fact that when Herr Thomsen went away to recuperate the same thing happened again. The snake refused to eat. Now its friend is back for good and the days of fast have ended.

COUNTING FROM ABOVE

Aeroplanes have been commissioned by the Canadian Government to see that no one shall be left out of the census.

In the Dominion's wide open spaces there are more scattered homes than roads. To count the men, women, and children of these outposts of Canada's prairie provinces the enumerators are to be sent by aeroplane to convenient points. When the last census was taken five years ago there were nearly 2,500,000 people in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, half of them in the widely-spaced farms, covering 110 million acres, which are preparing our daily bread.

The aeroplane enumerators will not be the only counters, for the Royal Canadian Police, the toughest mounted policemen in the world, will also take the census.

KING CANUTE'S WATERWAY

Reopening in Dockland

King Canute, who knew better than his courtiers the meaning of sea-power, would be pleased to see the water coming up his old trench at Deptford.

The trench, or part of it, is to be made a waterway 600 feet long between the two huge timber sheds of the Surrey Commercial Docks, built to receive the timber coming there from Scandinavia, Russia, Canada, and elsewhere. The trade is growing fast. London is becoming the timber yard of Europe.

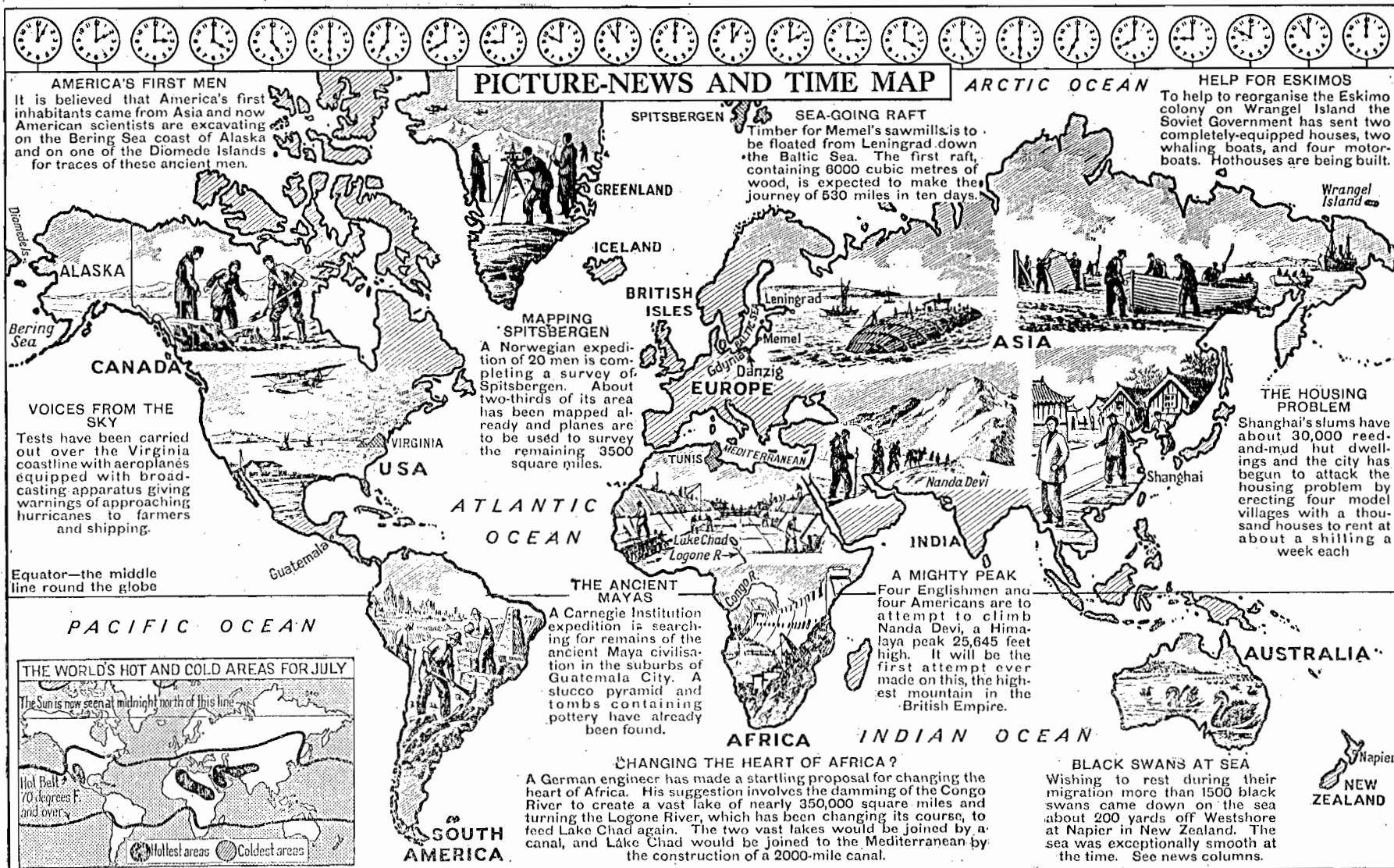
Canute knew nothing of such trade, though his ships were built of Norway hardwood; but when London put up a stout resistance for Edmund, Canute lay siege to the city in proper style.

Coming up the Thames in his ships, and at first making small headway, he cut a huge trench on the south of the Thames up which his narrow ships were towed till they came to the west of what is now London Bridge, and could take the city on the flank. Even that did not avail, and Canute had to withdraw his ships and fight Edmund on land. Not till after many battles could Canute make terms with London.

So the ancient story goes; and all this took place a thousand years ago. But in token of it the canal remains, hardly visible till this year the Port of London Authority laid part of it bare in the Lavender Yard of the Surrey Docks.

But it was visible in William the Norman's day, when the channel was repaired and used to divert the course of the Thames when the first stone London Bridge was built to replace the wooden one destroyed by fire.

The Lavender Yard Canal will be reopened along the course where Canute's trench began. It is all but ready to receive the timber barges.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 18

1936

Faith

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND is bringing the greatest exploring feat of his long life to a close as we go to press.

The World Congress of Faiths has been a magnificent gathering of master minds. It is doubtful if so much that is true, beautiful, and good has ever before been said under one roof by men and women from such varied corners of the globe. As one of the explorers said, this was a Congress of Faith, not of faiths.

We give some of the things noted down at the Congress by the C N Town Girl.

A Bahai View

It is through the battle between prejudice and truth that mankind will become really conscious of the unity of the human race.

We are now required to put into deeds the precepts of brotherhood we all acknowledge.

Religion is meant to heal discord. Christ called for an attitude of active goodwill despite all differences.

A Moslem View

Every contact with the worst and ugliest reality is a stepping-stone to something greater.

We cannot blame others if we have not cleared the temples of our minds of fear, distrust, selfishness, arrogance, or a sense of superiority.

The purpose of religion is to bind us together in bonds of a common humanity.

A Hindu View

We have confused religion with churches, belief with dogma; this is the root of our trouble. Religion is a kind of life; it breaks down your isolation and makes you a member of the Life Force itself.

There does not seem to be much hope of civilisation making a great step forward if economic injustice, political wrong, and racial oppression are not altered.

When a man is anchored in spirit his ways are absolute. His love of humanity knows no colour or creed. He would rather suffer a thousand offences than inflict one.

The fact that there are so many interpretations of Truth was explained by an Oxford professor, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, who quoted the old Hindu story of the five blind men who went to find out about an elephant. The first grabbed its trunk and was convinced that an elephant was a kind of serpent. The second embraced its leg and asserted that the elephant was a tree. The third, leaning against its side, declared it to be a wall. The fourth, catching hold of its tail, insisted that an elephant was a strong rope; and the last, who ran into its tusk, was painfully certain that an elephant was a spear. Each one knew a little truth about the elephant, but none knew the whole truth.

How wise it would have been for the five blind men to have shared their impressions! There is hope for mankind if we can agree to share our limited knowledge instead of quarrelling because our knowledge differs.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Death Comes to Woolwich

RESEARCH work in the Science of

Killing has claimed five more victims, and their tragedy seems a portentous symbol of the tragedy that must overtake the world unless its rulers come to their senses. Never were Longfellow's lines truer than now:

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error

There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The armaments race must cease or the human race must perish.

The Great Man

A NEW type of curator is needed in our museums combining the qualities of Sir James Jeans and Mr C. B. Cochran. The New Statesman

And the salary of a curator? The C N

A Ministry of Shipping

Now that foreign competition in shipping is increasing on every sea it would surely be well to set up a Ministry of Shipping.

As things are, a department of the Board of Trade deals with the subject and is badly overworked.

In the Great War we had a Ministry of Shipping which did good service for the nation in its hour of need, but it was promptly disbanded when peace came, though shipping had then to meet hitherto unheard-of difficulties. In peace and in war shipping means so much to us that we should do well to cherish it as one of our chief interests.

Oliver

Is it not worth while to pass on this old saying about Oliver Cromwell?

He suffered a crazy Quaker to insult him in the gallery of Whitehall, and revenged himself only by liberating him and giving him a dinner.

How Much?

NOT even the Chancellor of the Exchequer yet knows the answer to two important questions:

How much are we to spend on armaments in the near future?

Will the money be raised by taxation or by borrowing?

The answer to the second question largely depends on the unknown answer to the first. We live in the midst of alarms, and fresh estimates are always being framed of what Nation A or Nation B is planning to spend. The probability is that the Government will have to borrow, because the sum required will be too big to take from the taxpayer immediately, and borrowing enables the Government to spread the cost over a period of years.

The Lame Old Man Who Praised God

WHEN a man has such things to think on, and sees the Sun, the Moon, and stars, and enjoys Earth and Sun, he is not solitary or helpless.

What else can I do, a lame old man but sing hymns to God? If, then, I were a nightingale I would do the nightingale's part; if I were a swan I would do as a swan. But now I am a rational creature and I ought to praise God. This is my work; I do it; nor will I desert my post so long as I am allowed to keep it; and I exhort you to join in this same song.

Epictetus the Slave

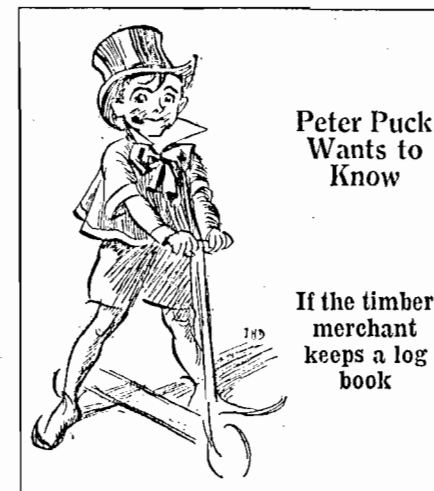
Tip-Cat

THERE is a great field for women who specialise in interior decoration, says a speaker. A field doesn't seem much use to them.

A DIVER is enthusiastic over his work. It would leave most of us cold.

TAILORS are to get more wages. Will customers get a new cut?

THE drapery trade is to do away with the odd farthing. Change is always welcome.



Peter Puck Wants to Know

If the timber merchant keeps a log book

The Little Fellow at Chatham

ONE sunless day in April 1771 a very little fellow at Chatham was sitting disconsolately on his luggage, which had been dumped by the stage coach.

He had expected his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, to meet him, but no one came to speak to him, and no one cared anything about him.

He had very little luggage to sit on, and the world seemed very big. The Reasonable, his uncle's ship, lay near at hand, but the boy did not know how to get on board. Everyone seemed so busy, and no one took any notice of him. Hopeless and forlorn, he sat on the quay hour after hour, looking on at the bustle and stir, watching the ships with their black and white timbers, their network of rigging, and their companies of sailors. He hoped someone would come along and claim him, but no one came, and his heart sank. If ever there was a day in his life when he knew what fear was, it was this day, his first day at Chatham.

At last a sailor took pity on him and saw him aboard the Reasonable. In the years after, when the boy had grown to be a man, and had become England's greatest admiral, he used to say that his first day at Chatham was the most wretched he had ever known. He was Horatio Nelson.

A Packet of Lavender

By the Pilgrim

WE heard the other day of a lady who opened her door to a man who was selling lavender.

She said she would have given him sixpence for a penny packet if she had had some change, but she had nothing less than a ten-shilling note. She hesitated a moment, and then said, "Will you take this, and ask them to change it at the shop at the corner?"

Her daughter said she was sure they would never see the man again, but she was wrong. "Here's your change, lady," he said, "and here's your packet of lavender." As the lady was about to pay him he shook his head, and said, "No thank you, lady; it's worth a packet of lavender to know that somebody has trusted me."

Four Rules

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool: beat him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not is ignorant: teach him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep: wake him.

He who knows and knows that he knows is a wise man: follow him.

Arabian saying

A Word From Shakespeare

A King on His Dictator

He bears himself more proudly, Even to my person, than I thought he would,

When first I did embrace him . . . I must excuse

What cannot be amended. Coriolanus

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

DAME HENRIETTA BARNETT has left part of her estate to found scholarships for girls.

SIR WATERS BUTLER has given £10,000 for a Joseph Chamberlain scholarship.

BOURNVILLE has engaged 250 boys and girls from Distressed Areas.

JUST AN IDEA

When you meet with a difficulty, said Lord Kelvin to his students, you are on the verge of a discovery.

MR MASEFIELD IN THE LIBRARIES

Early Reading of the Poet Laureate

LENIN PASSES SMILING

John Masefield, our Poet Laureate, has been talking at the London Library about his early reading.

When he first came to London he found all sorts of libraries open to him and some of his happiest moments were passed in them.

He remembered one library somewhere in Kensington where he first made acquaintance with the writings of William Morris and they altered his life. Then he became acquainted with the library at Guildhall, and later was a member of the reading room at the British Museum and there for many years worked industriously.

While there he had the privilege for weeks together of being in the room and of studying at the tables at which there was a very mixed society. There was one bishop of the Anglican Church in deep study, and an abbot of the Roman Church probably pondering on the errors of Anglicanism. There were also people studying what looked like a scheme by which they might win at Monte Carlo.

A Memory of Swinburne

Then there was that great figure Algernon Charles Swinburne. He was very deaf and was brought there by Mr Watts-Dunton and set down at a table while everyone in the room looked at him. Watts-Dunton shouted in a loud voice: "I will come back at one o'clock to take you out to lunch," and Swinburne then settled down to read. Being deaf he did not realise what an amount of noise he sometimes made, and from time to time readers turned round to protest, but when they saw it was Mr Swinburne they took no further notice.

There also came to that assembly from time to time another figure, which later was to make its mark in the world, his face wreathed in smiles—Lenin. He was even then possibly pondering revolution, but his smiling face was one which was not to be forgotten.

LOOK OUT FOR THE TIMBER TRAIN

A Travelling Exhibition

A mysterious looking pale grey train is going up and down our railway lines. It will not take you anywhere, but it is well worth being on the platform when it comes in, and having a look inside.

Bristol, Cardiff, and Birmingham already know all about it, and it is working its way up north, stopping at the big stations, crossing from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and coming back to London on September 16 via Derby.

It is the Timber Train, a travelling exhibition of woods of all kinds.

Londoners have long had the advantage of being able to visit the Building Centre in Bond Street whenever they have wanted to see various woods and make sure which would be best for any special purpose.

Now this train is taking a similar exhibition organised by the Timber Development Association to 27 big towns. The outside of the coach is of birch plywood sprayed with light grey cellulose, and inside are walls and floors, skirtings, and inlets all of different woods, some in their natural colouring, others toned to deeper shades.

The train also carries a reference library of books on timber, and another sort of library which turns out to be samples of 72 varieties of wood, arranged in rows like books. Then there are fascinating models of timber houses of various periods and countries, and photographs telling the story of From Tree to Table.

First Step To National Roads

A GREAT DREAM COMING TRUE

WE are delighted that our great Minister of Transport, the best man we have had at the head of this all-important national work, is to realise his dream of beginning a National Road System.

Before next summer all our most important highways will be under the direct care of the Ministry of Transport, except in London and the bigger towns. About 4500 miles of roads will thus pass under a single control, to the great benefit of all who use them, motorists, cyclists, and pedestrians.

Roads To Be Taken Over

Here is a list of the roads the Minister of Transport proposes to take over on April 1 next year:

Great North Road through York to Edinburgh.
London to Glasgow through Derby and Carlisle.
London to Fishguard through Oxford and Cardiff.
The Holyhead Road from London through Coventry.
London to Exeter.
London to Bristol.
Bristol to Penzance through Exeter.
London to Portsmouth.
London to Brighton.
London to Folkestone.
London to Dover.
London to Great Yarmouth through Colchester.
London to Great Yarmouth through Cambridge.
Winchester to Preston through Birmingham.

We have altogether about 178,000 miles of public roads, of which 26,800 have been placed in the first class and 16,800 in the second. At present all these Class 1 and 2 roads are repaired, widened, and lighted at the charge of the county councils. The smaller towns and urban districts through which they pass usually do the necessary work for the county authorities, who are responsible for all classified roads outside county boroughs, as well as rural roads.

It is only for the last six years that this arrangement has been in existence, and it has been found that the poorer counties have not been able to keep to the standard of the richer ones. Westmorland, for example, has been unable to spend as much as its neighbours Lancashire and Yorkshire, with the result that a trunk road through that county is only wide enough for two lanes of traffic through the greater part of its length.

Another serious difficulty is that each authority has its own ideas as to surfacing and lighting. There are 23 types of surface on the road from London to Birmingham. Perhaps the most striking example of a road under many authorities is that of the Great North Road

from London to Scotland, which, in its 316 miles, passes into the control of some 30 highway authorities. For nearly two-thirds of its length it is so narrow that if one vehicle stops, every vehicle overtaking it must take the room belonging to vehicles coming the other way.

We have been comparing the Minister's list with a map of 1801 on which are marked the turnpike roads, and also with a map of Roman roads in Britain, and it is interesting to find that our most important routes have changed little since civilisation came to this country. In spite of radical changes in the distribution of our population traffic still flows on the same lines, and even great railway junctions have developed where Roman roads met.

It may be claimed that the Roman roads, in their distribution and directness, are stamped with the impress of a single authority, and it is because we have at last got back to that after fifteen centuries of chaos that we welcome the Government's decision.

We can now look forward to a truly National Road System, for the transfer of far more than 4500 miles of classified roads must follow this first step.

Ten Years of Good Work

Great schemes have been carried out by the more prosperous and far-sighted counties like Essex, Middlesex, and Lancashire, who have shown what can be done in the way of dual carriage ways, separate cycle tracks, and grass verges, improvements which it will be possible now to carry out wherever traffic demands them. It will take ten years and cost the Exchequer at least £5,000,000 a year, though this sum includes the grants up to 85 per cent which would be made to counties under the old system.

The scheme offers hope, too, in another direction, for it will give greater powers to the Minister in operating the Ribbon Development Act of last year, an Act which depended far too much on the efficiency of local administrators and is largely a dead letter.

With the widening of our trunk roads, the by-passing of towns, the construction of new bridges over level-crossings, and the rebuilding of narrow hump-backed bridges, our country will be safer and happier to travel through, and Mr Hore-Belisha is to be heartily congratulated on his work in promoting this splendid scheme, an immense service to us all and a piece of practical and profitable statesmanship.

The Grandest Thing in South Wales Today

TO say that South Wales is a land of song gives a strange impression of this stricken country, full of unemployed and of old folks whose young strong ones have had to leave them to seek work far away.

Yet it is a land of song. One cannot spend an evening in a Rhondda village without hearing a choir singing somewhere. They are practising for the Eisteddfod at Fishguard, though many do not yet know how they are going to find the money to get there.

These miners for whom the bottom of the world has dropped out live again while they are singing; their music-making is the grandest thing in all that sad country; but to the visitor these songs on the air bring as wild a sorrow to the heart as a Scottish dirge. They are so brave, so spiritual.

Can nothing be done for these men? Can nothing be done for these old people who are being left desolate while the country is being drained of its young, its most vigorous, and its most resourceful? Of course it can, but it needs a Government to do it.

New industries must be encouraged to take the place of the old, there, in South Wales, not in Birmingham or

London. There are roads to make and fields to till. There are plots of land where a man could plant potatoes for a family who have long had to do without them. But the Government must make the first move.

A party of Rhondda miners have lately returned from singing in Denmark, that happy farming country where there are few very rich and no hopelessly poor. How amazed and appalled the Danes who listened to them would have been could they have pictured the desolation from which the men came.

If the Queen Mary had wanted coal for her bunkers, the finest coal in the world, a thousand Rhondda miners would have been kept busy every year. But she burns oil, and every time an oil-fuelled vessel takes the place of a coal-burning vessel one pit in this valley closes down.

It is progress, and oil can be got from the ground without men crouching half-naked in black dangerous cavities hundreds of feet below sunlight and fresh air. We do not want to go backward; we want to go forward, but forward with a song. These miners are providing the song; let the Government decide the direction.

BRAVE AND CLEVER MEN OF THE PAST

The Surgeon With Flint Tools

BOLDNESS AND COURAGE IN THE STONE AGE

We learn some astonishing things from a visit to the exhibition organised at the Wellcome Archaeological Research Institute, in Euston Road.

The things shown are those found by Mr J. L. Starkey, and include loom weights from a weaver's shop, oil and wine jars bearing the royal stamp of Hebron, and a painted vase of the 15th century B.C. imported from the Greek mainland. This vase was found by the altar of a temple which existed before the Israelites came out of Egypt.

In the Ways of Sennacherib

But the most surprising find belongs to the period of the Kings of Judah, and is connected with the destruction of the city by Sennacherib in the year 701 B.C. Thousands of bodies were found in a tomb, possibly placed there by survivors. Among the skulls are two which had been trepanned, an operation involving the cutting away of part of the skull to relieve pressure on the brain.

This operation was practised by the Incas, but we have no evidence that any of the patients survived it, and the men of Lachish apparently did not. As has been proved by Dr. Wilson Parry, an expert on this subject, the men who lived in this country in the Stone Age knew all about this operation, their surgeons deftly cutting discs from the skulls of living sufferers with implements of flint. Some of the patients survived the operation, so that a high standard of skill had been reached as far back as four thousand years ago.

Now a very curious discovery has been made about this delicate operation, for it is found that it survived in England right up to medieval times. There are two definite examples of this. One is a Saxon skull found at Greenhithe which has an opening over two inches wide, obviously scraped by flint flakes during life. The other is one of the thousands of skulls at Hythe.

Courage of Our Distant Ancestors

These are medieval and belonged to the ordinary inhabitants of the district. The skull, which was discovered by Dr Dan McKenzie, has a smaller hole, bevelled from without by trimming and scraping the bony edges of the hole with flint implements. Dr Parry declares that the wound in this bone must have healed perfectly and that the patient made an excellent recovery, living for many years and dying from some other cause. We have therefore two examples, separated by centuries, of this astounding operation with flint tools in our own country. We must have more and more admiration of the courage of our distant ancestors the more we learn of them.

THE FAITHFUL DOGS

We hear from an Australian correspondent that in Queensland recently a drover was thrown from his horse and his hip broken.

He lay immovable on the ground knowing that he might not be discovered for many days. As night fell he managed to rake together a few twigs and start a fire, but it was only a very small one and soon the wild dingoes began to circle round the lonely sufferer.

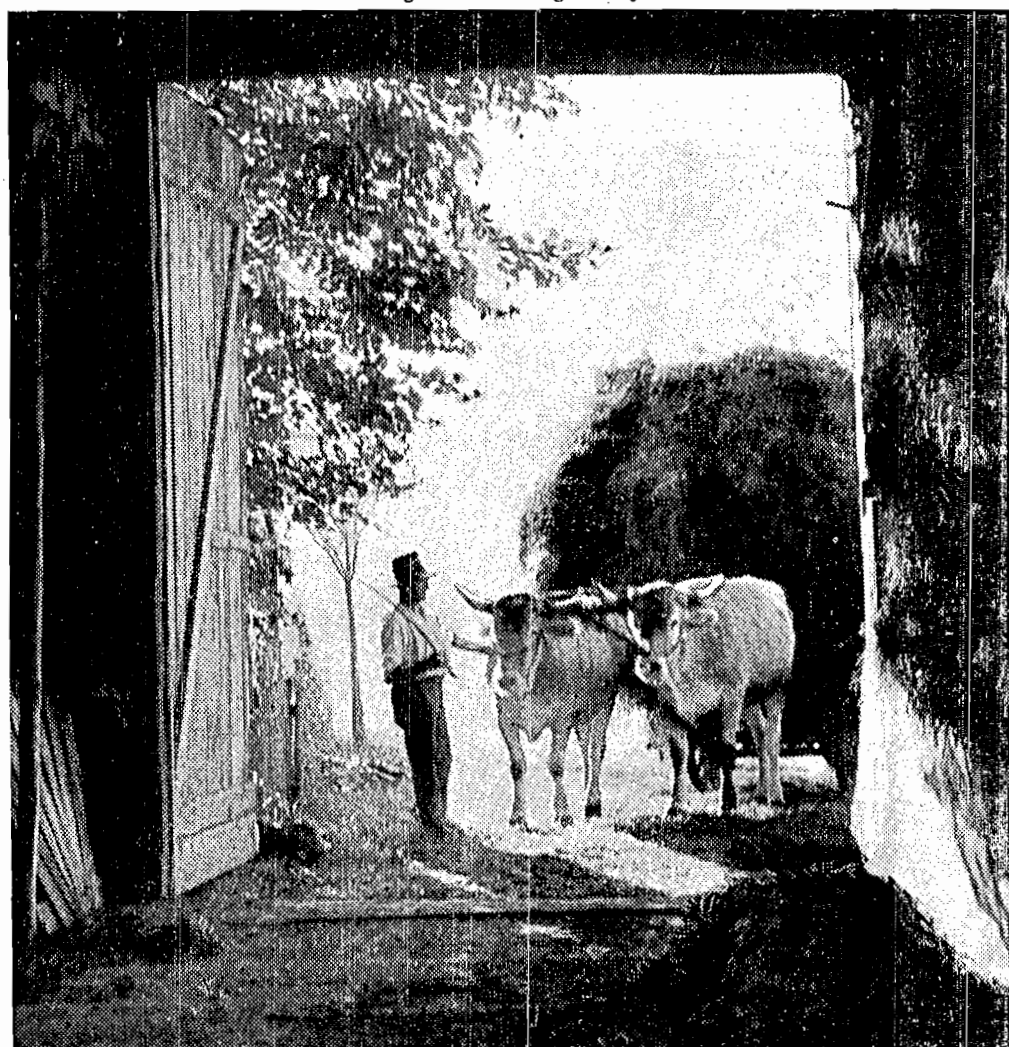
His two dogs immediately came to the rescue. They kept the dingoes at bay, and during the cold hours of the night they snuggled against him on both sides, keeping him warm and helping him to keep up his courage.

It was twenty hours before he was found and his faithful dogs were still watching their master.

The Hay Harvest in Three Lands



England—Gathering the hay



Austria—An ox team with a big load



Holland—Bringing home the hay by canal

THE NEW PROSPERITY

Remove the Blots

SAD CASE OF JARROW

A further reduction of the unemployed leaves the total at 1,702,676, which is 297,434 less than last June.

A determined effort to revive the distressed areas in Scotland, the north of England, and Wales would remove the chief blots that remain to mar our new prosperity. We need a holy discontent to spur us to new endeavour.

We reviewed not long ago the Surrey scheme to aid Jarrow, and referred to the project to set steel going again at Palmer's once famous works in that unhappy town. We are sorry to record that the scheme is held up. It is frowned upon by the British Iron and Steel Federation, who seem to think the capital could be more productively used elsewhere. The matter is a technical one which cannot well be discussed in detail here, but more than the technical issue is at stake.

The Federation wish it to be understood that they do not desire to prevent Jarrow from proceeding, and we hope that Jarrow will not be too downhearted.

We cannot fail to be reminded of the Clyde and the abandoned work on what is now the world's proudest ship. How long it took to persuade Authority to do a splendid thing! Let Jarrow take heart from that example of hesitation and inertia, so signally followed by the removal of doubt and by speedy triumph.

36 HOURS AMONG SHARKS

Clinging to a Plank in a Mountainous Sea

Another terrible tale of the sea has been told, but it has a happy ending for three of the four men concerned.

They were fishing in the Indian Ocean off the coast of Mahé in the Seychelles Islands, when a violent squall upset the boat. One of them was drowned, and throughout the night the other three clung to the upturned boat while the squall turned into a raging storm. When dawn broke they found they were drifting out to sea.

With great courage one of them, a Creole called France Wilson, seized a plank and swam with it to the island of Mamelle, but he found the sea too mountainous to attempt a landing among the coral, and there was nothing to do but swim on to Praslin Island, about 16 miles away. All through the night he lay on his crude raft, being tossed with the waves in a sea teeming with sharks.

Meanwhile a passing vessel had sighted his companions and rescued them; but they were too exhausted to think of France Wilson, and no one knew that a third man might be tossing about in the sea. Not till 36 hours later did some fishermen on the beach at Praslin notice something out on the water which they took for a turtle. They put out to sea and found it was the Creole, miraculously still alive, and now quite recovered from his fearful experience.

ROOM FOR MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

There were 1,573,482 people in New Zealand when the census was taken early this year.

That is an increase of 165,343 people in ten years, but not by any means as great an increase as most people would like to have seen. There is room in New Zealand for millions of British people.

However, the population is now nearly three times greater than 50 years ago, for the census of 1886 revealed that there were only 578,482 white settlers and brown-skinned Maoris.

It is a great pity that the stream of emigration which used to flow to New Zealand has dried up to a mere trickle.

News of R

EMPIRE'S MOST WAS PROSPEROUS

The Old Wall E

THE City of Leicester, which the League of Nations has declared to be the most prosperous city in the Empire and the second most prosperous in the world, is revealing something of the grandeur that was hers when the Romans dwelt there 19 centuries ago.

The pick and spade of the excavations have been used to good purpose, Miss Kenyon, who has been directing operations, has been able to prove the mass of Roman masonry long believed to be part of a gateway is part of a basilica or town hall, of noble proportions.

Not only has the basilica been plotted on the map, but the Forum, too, its courtyard surrounded by shops and other characteristic features of a prosperous Roman town. This prosperous British town today was clearly a prosperous then.

It has long been known that Leicester was an important place in Roman times. It stands on the junction of the Icknield Way and the Via Devana, and was Ratae Coritanorum which was captured and fortified by Scapula in the 52 A.D. It grew to be one of the big and richest towns of Roman Britain. Mosaic pavements still to be seen in the basements of modern buildings prove well as the fact that the medieval walls follow the line of the Roman walls.

The Jewry Wall opposite the Saxon church of St Nicholas was chief evidence, however, with its alternate courses of stone and brick exterior for 70 feet in length and 30 feet in height. Deep-arched recesses edged with tiles on the east face could not be definitely explained, though many said they were openings in the western gateway to the Roman city.

A Bird's Brave

How strong must be the urge which drives migrating birds back to northern homes has been proved. Hungarian stork which returned spring with an African arrow sticking out of its body.

Where and why it was shot at no one will ever know. No vital part injured, evidently, but there must have been enormous loss of strength and vitality. How formidable and frigid the journey must have seemed the long back over seas and lands, against winds and other hardships; per even against the advice of its companions. We know that storks come with each other; and we can imagine some wise old stork voicing a warning: "My son, it is hard, I know; but this untoward thing has happened to you there is nothing for it but to behind. You will never make it."

In The L

IN England now the summer has begun, we can imagine the gallant young Britons in the Antarctic saying as they turn to sledges in Graham Land.

There the sledging season has begun and three parties of the expedition. Mr John Rymill are on their farther south to lay depots for journeys when their summer comes. Then with bright long days they strike out from the frozen Weddell to new, unknown lands.

The thrill of discovery will thrill in the air to lift their spirits high when we read of the conditions of life just now we marvel that they cheerfully undertake it. They blizzards with icy winds behind blowing 100 miles an hour, and temperature 32 degrees below freezing. But they have been trying their

man England ROSPEROUS TOWN S UNDER CAESAR the Saxon Church

The clearing of a nextdoor factory by the Corporation has given the opportunity for solving this mystery, and the wall has been found to go down much deeper than was suspected. The openings were windows of a basilica, not doorways. The wall has now been exposed as far as ten feet below the street level and it reminds the beholder of that other great fragment of a basilica which stands in a field at Wroxeter near Shrewsbury.

Behind this wall a courtyard 175 feet wide has been cleared, and round it have been revealed porticoes opening into shops. Here was the Forum of Roman Leicester, and any mystery about the fragments of columns which form so striking a feature of St Nicholas churchyard is finally solved; they were evidently part of the colonnade of this ancient Forum.

Just outside the Forum part of a cobbled street has been uncovered, and on its surface can be seen the deep ruts worn by chariot wheels passing over it.

The excavations will be continued during the summer and more finds are expected. Already deeper trenching has proved that buildings older than the Forum stood on its site, coins and pottery of the first century having been found. Unfortunately it will not be possible to excavate the site of the basilica itself as the churchyard extends across it. It is suggested that the Saxons used the wall still standing for their first church here and that this fact accounts for its preservation. Or is it possible, we wonder, that Roman Christians worshipped here even before the Saxons built their church from the ruins of the Roman city?

light From Africa

journey. Better stay and nurse yourself back to health here than drown on the journey."

But who ever listened to the words of cold wisdom when he heard the voice of his own heart? Our stork didn't. Courageously it set out with the others, and, incredible as it may seem, did not drop on the way. It arrived in the little Hungarian village where its nest was; a very sick stork, it is true, but a live one. And now, though still a semi-invalid, it goes about its business of frog-catching and of feeding its growing brood like any other parent. Perhaps even it finds compensation for its disabilities in the knowledge that it has become an object of interest—one of the sights of the village, in fact; as a man would be who had returned to his land-lubber fellows after losing an arm or a leg fighting pirates.

d of No Sun

plane, and they have just got their tractor, which broke through the ice and for months could not be recovered, in working order again. That fact encourages them.

In the accounts sent home they mention as something not very important that the sun set beneath the horizon on June 1, and will re-appear only about the middle of July. So sledge parties on 120-mile journeys will have no light at all. They have to pitch camp in darkness. Even the Aurora lights are rare where they are.

Darkness and bitter cold with a blizzard always a possibility. It makes stay-at-homes shiver to think about it. But most we think about the sun, which with us goes to bed at night and gets up so unfailingly before we do in the morning. In Graham Land there is now no sun. It has gone.

THE CITY IN THE OLD OAK TREE HOME OF THE BUSY BEES

A Little Mystery of the
Wood Explained

THE INSECT ORCHESTRA

The Editor of the C.N. remembers being mystified some years ago, in his little wood on a Kent hilltop, by a sound among the trees which he heard for a moment and lost again.

It was like the roar of a far-off engine, and as he never happened to find it again it remained one of the little puzzles of the wood.

Now it has been explained, for every night in an old oak a terrific humming is going on for hours. This is what it is about:

The oak tree is a city of the bees. Having swarmed with their queen from an unknown hive the bees have reverted to natural conditions, and thrive astonishingly. Crossing the open meadowland to the hilltop they found the one tree suitable to their purpose, an ancient oak with a natural front door, a hole three inches by two, leading to what must be a big cavity within, left unsuspected when, three or four years ago, a decaying branch was removed and the opening was filled up with concrete.

The Anthem in the Citadel

Here the bees have made their citadel, filling it with waxen barns flowing with honey, and nursery cubicles alive with grubs which will soon mature into perfect insects.

From the earliest peep of dawn until ten at night, when their doorway is obscured by twilight, they are constantly bringing home nectar and pollen, trooping in a hundred to the minute, some to alight on the trunk and crawl into the open doorway, the rest swooping straight into the little portal, crowded with bees entering and bees leaving for yet one more flight.

Late in the evening, when the majority are home and their toil ended, the anthem they raise is a wonder of volume and harmony, suggesting a dynamo running to music. As we move away from listening a hush seems suddenly to descend upon the night. The Dover Road is visible a mile away, and the hum of the cars which fill the road with light at night is not more startling than the hum of the busy bees. We know at such times that thousands of bees are briskly fanning with their wings to lower the temperature of the hive; the current of air from the interior of the tree strikes warm on the face, and can be felt two feet away; and with it comes the grateful fragrance of honey. The music goes on till dark, hour after hour when the day's work is done.

Marvel of the Commonplace

Here, then, is a marvel of the commonplace, a breakaway from the artificial to the natural. In this tree, whose acorns have been food to jays and squirrels for a century, these bees have come from afar to take undisputed possession. They must by this time have stored the hollow with scores of pounds of honey; they must have sent off successive swarms of perhaps 30,000 bees born in the tree, yet thousands upon thousands remain. As we listen to their breezy intercourse we can almost imagine them murmuring, like the happy banished duke and his courtiers in Shakespeare's Forest of Arden:

Hadst not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril . . . ?

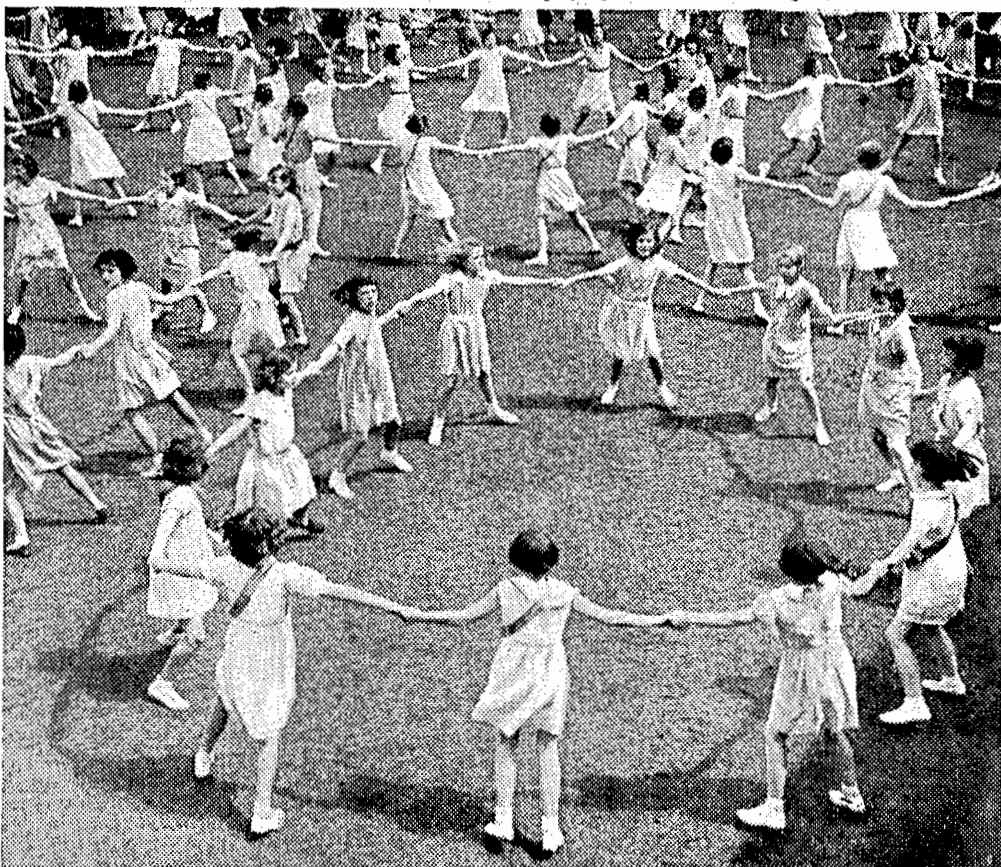
Here the queen and her subjects are unchallenged possessors of a realm discovered and colonised by their own unaided efforts; and nobody wishes (and nobody dares) to penetrate the city they have seized and made their own.

Essex teachers are to examine bicycles used by children.

These Happy Days of Summer



Council schoolboys at cricket on the playing-fields of Eton College



A country dance during West Ham's celebration last week of its jubilee as a borough



Popular Punch and Judy—A study in expressions at the Ranelagh Club at Barnes

SAMOAN GIRLS BUILD A CHAPEL

WHERE R. L. S. SLEEPS

Native Chiefs Set a Beautiful
Example For Mankind

A TIMELY VISITOR

Not very long ago the C N reported the splendid adventure of the native boys of a school in West Africa, who were building a fine new concrete school.

They are still doing that, and making good progress; but meanwhile here is a tale from Samoa, where girls of the Papauta boarding school of the London Missionary Society have built a chapel.

Though the school is over forty years old R. L. S. was at its opening and his grave is on the hill just above it, the path to it rarely trodden by the foot of man. On this hillside where R. L. S. sleeps the Samoan chiefs have set mankind a beautiful example, for it has been decreed that no gun shall ever be fired on the hillside, that there shall be around this place no sound but the blowing of the wind and the songs of the birds he loved to hear.

An Immortal Requiem

The tomb rises in the middle of a small plateau. On one side of it are the words that Ruth said to Naomi:

Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried.

On the other side is a Requiem that will never die:

*Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.*

*This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.*

It is in the shadow of this immortal hill that the Papauta schoolgirls have built their chapel. They wanted one built in true Samoan fashion, without nails or bolts and with a thatch roof; but there was no money. So, like the boys of St Nicholas Grammar School in West Africa they decided to see what they could do for themselves.

Sugar-Cane Thatch

First they planted sugar cane in large quantities, for with the leaves twisted on pieces of wild bamboo they could make thatch for the roof. At the same time they began to make string from the husk of the coconut to bind the posts and beams together.

Then, by great good fortune, a Samoan carpenter from a neighbouring district came to Papauta to visit his kinsmen, and the Principal of the school, Miss Evelyn Downs, told him the girls wanted to build a chapel in Samoan fashion, and to her delight he entered eagerly into the scheme. By the following week he had brought fifty boys from his own village to help with the building. The girls had to hurry up with their string-making. In one week they made 26,000 yards of string; in all they made 28 miles of it.

A Forest-Tree Pulpit

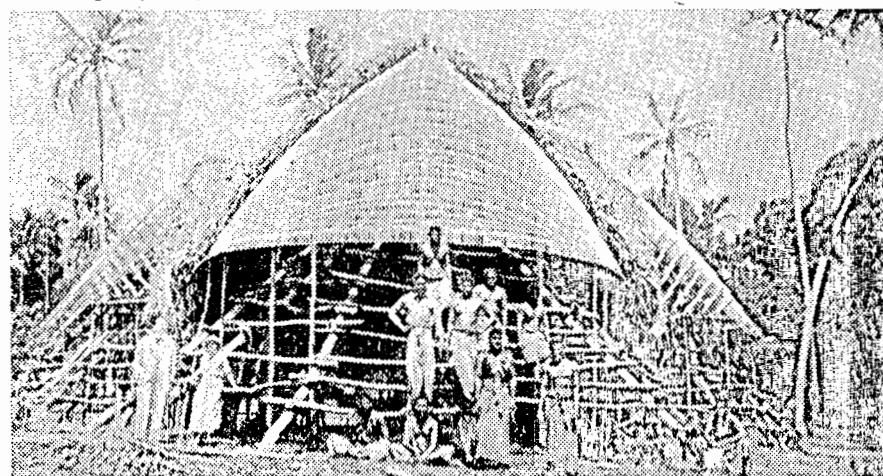
The carpenter's boys cut and fetched great posts and beams from the school plantation and tied them in position with string, and by this time the girls were ready with 8000 pieces of sugar-cane thatch for the roof. The floor was made with the help of boys from neighbouring schools, who fetched soil and pebbles for it, while the girls collected forty lorry-loads of grey pebbles from a beach nine miles away, for the surface.

It was the girls who made the lattice-work sunblinds and the basket-work lamps; while some old girls made the beautiful floor-mats, and an old friend of the school contributed the forest tree from which the pulpit was carved.

A Building Without Nails or Bolts



Young carpenters at work in the roof of the new chapel of the Papauta boarding school



The thatched roof of the chapel takes shape



Beating out coconut husk for making string



Making thatch for the roof from sugar-cane

A Trainful of Blind People

NEVER before, perhaps, had so strange a train rolled out of Copenhagen railway station as the special train which left it one morning not long ago.

A long train it was, and those who saw it thought of it as a train of sorrows, for it was filled from end to end with blind people. Yet, strange as it may seem, it was as happy a trainload as you could find anywhere, 900 people out for a joyous holiday and quite oblivious of the fact that they could not see. Could they not talk to each other, and hear the band playing, and, best of all, breathe, more and more unmistakably the nearer they got to their goal, the good air of their happy childhood?

For these 900 men and women who had met in Copenhagen for the 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Danish Society of the Blind were going to visit the great school in Kalundborg by the sea where most of them had been educated. And if they passed unseeing through the crowds which had collected at every station to wave them a greeting they saw all the more vividly in their mind's eye the thousand and one droll or tender scenes which made those far-off days "to memory dear."

Kalundborg received them in festive manner. Thirty cars stood in readiness for the old or less active among them. The rest marched through the streets in

a sort of triumphal procession, following the music of their own band. And it was a curious thing that they seemed to know as through a sixth sense exactly where they were and what those who had eyes were seeing.

One old man, laying his hand on his neighbour's shoulder, said: "I can feel by the breeze on my face that we shall soon be there."

Another among the company said: "How beautiful is the sea even though it is low tide." "How do you know it is low?" asked someone. "I can smell it. And I can hear by the flight of the gulls that they are hunting for scraps on the beach," was the reply.

Soon a crowd of children came to meet them—blind, these too, for they were the present inmates of the School. They carried red and white flags which they themselves could not see, but of which they were none the less immensely proud. They escorted the visitors back to the large school garden, where they were welcomed by the staff of teachers and matrons whom many of the visitors still regarded as their oldest and dearest friends.

Finally these Old Boys and Old Girls were allowed to revisit their ancient haunts, and reconstruct, with the aid of every sense but one, a lost world whose charm can never fade.

DREAMER OF THE WIRELESS AGE

A Triumph For
David Hughes

PRINTING ACROSS 7000 MILES

Professor David Hughes, who sent wireless messages in London more than fifty years ago, though the feat was then unrecognised, would be very pleased at the latest news from far-away Vancouver.

While his wireless went unappreciated by the wise men of his age and by the Royal Society he was busy with another invention, the first printing telegraph. It brought him in a fortune and was the ancestor of all the tape machines and telegraphic printing machines in use today.

Wireless stretches out its invisible threads today in a spider web covering the globe. The teleprinter has now typed messages across the 7310 miles between London and Vancouver.

The First Printing Telegraph

Working through land line and submarine cable teleprinters recorded directly messages typed out on standard typewriters by typists in both cities. One tenth of a second after the London operators pressed a key the letter would be typed in Vancouver. The Vancouver typist's message came back in the same way and at the same speed.

The land line runs from London to Penzance, then the message is taken up by the submarine cable to New York. From New York one land line takes it to Montreal and then another from Montreal across Canada to Vancouver. The system is quicker than the older systems of cabling and is employed regularly between London and New York, but this is the first time it has been tried over so great a distance.

The messages were exchanged to celebrate Vancouver's Jubilee, but it is nearly the Diamond Jubilee of the first printing telegraph of David Hughes, and we may take it as a triumph of that great dreamer of the Wireless Age who was so unhappily robbed of his fame.

BITS OF OLD HISTORY

A Housebreaker of the
Middle Ages

At the British Museum something may be learned about everything, even housebreaking.

One of the historical manuscripts brought out from the vast store of the Manuscript Room to grace the English-American Historical Conference is a record of proceedings in a Provençal court of law in 1392, not long before Dick Whittington first became Lord Mayor of London.

When the court met it was recorded that a certain Durandus had been before it 18 times. On one occasion, "in the hours that good men are at rest and wolves are about," he had broken into a house, and stolen a tub of salt meat, seven or eight pounds of lard, and a half-cheese.

The British Museum has rescued his dark deed from oblivion.

Other manuscripts brought out in honour of the conference between Anglo-Saxon historians include a transcription of the medieval Saxon chronicle made in the 16th century. The transcription was made before nearly all the original manuscripts perished in a fire. The Museum possesses the remains.

This is a record which belongs impartially to English and American history. Another of the same order is a map of the defences of the Thames in the year of the Armada. A third is a bit of England's glory after America had declared her independence. It is Nelson's log of the Victory up to the eve of Trafalgar.

MORE MONEY FOR OUR FARMERS

£5,000,000 a Year For Fat Cattle

Our farmers are to be better paid to produce beef for us.

Power is to be obtained from Parliament to aid producers of fat cattle by a sum not exceeding £5,000,000 a year.

At the same time all imports of beef from foreign countries are to be taxed sufficiently to make the duties yield the whole or a great part of the £5,000,000. That means heavy taxation on all imports of foreign beef and veal, whether chilled or frozen. Empire meat is not to be taxed. It is hoped to pass the necessary legislation in the autumn.

It would need a tax of over a penny a pound to yield the £5,000,000 needed to pay the subsidy. The price of beef would rise all round, so that the housewife will pay more than the British farmer receives.

There is to be general regulation of meat imports by two bodies, an Empire Council and an International Conference. The general object is to increase imports from the Empire at the expense of purchases from foreign nations. Argentina will be the chief sufferer.

DIRTY MILK FOR BABIES

Too Much of It

All our lives there has been a campaign in this country for clean milk for babies, yet much dirty milk is still sold.

The People's League of Health have discovered that in many areas no examination of graded milk is made by local health authorities, and there is unfortunately no doubt that a large number of cows are tuberculous.

Apart from specific disease there is the question of cleanliness. We read with envy an American description of the ideal conditions insisted on by the State health authorities.

Every milk distributor must have a licence and every herd is tested for tuberculosis. Cowhouses are removed from horses and pigs and hens. All floors are laid in concrete. All manure piles are removed from adjacent yards. Each farm is equipped with an isolated milk house, properly screened. Milk warmer than 60 degrees in summer, or frozen in winter, is rejected at the creamery. Refrigerated tank cars carry the milk to the cities, where it is pasteurised and bottled.

Such methods should not be regarded as fussy. Because milk is such a superb food it is a favourable ground for the breeding of organisms of all sorts. Its production and handling need to be safeguarded at every point.

A SHIP'S FUNERAL AT SEA

It was sad to hear that King George's yacht Britannia has been taken out to sea and sent to the bottom; but it appears that this is not a rare ending for old ships.

In Durban, for instance, it is the custom that when a ship has completed its allotted span it is buried at sea.

Only the other day the old whale-catcher Skarpjeden was towed five miles out, set on fire, and left with her sea-cocks open. She will be missed in Durban Harbour, where she had swung at anchor for the last ten years, with two companions named after the Viking kings Hogni and Blink. These two ships may have already joined the Skarpjeden at the bottom of the Indian Ocean.

As the end came for these old ones newer whalers pushed into the harbour, for the whaling season at Durban is now in full swing, hundreds of whales being towed to the jetty each week to be drained of their oil at the station.

BOXES

There are chocolate boxes and hat boxes and tin boxes; there are the musical boxes which used to be found in nearly every Victorian drawing-room, and there are money boxes which children love to rattle.

Every Christmas brings to our houses the Christmas boxes we all delight to open. The Jack-in-the-box is a toy that has almost gone out of fashion, but the cash box, deed box, match box and letter box are never out of date; and now we may see near the Editor's home a litter box, to remind us that our England is a garden that must be kept clean and fair.

When Banks Were Unknown

In many houses and most of our churches we may see old chests, relics of the days when banks were unknown, the people having to keep their valuables under a heavy lid with a strong lock. Some of the old chests are queerly carved; and some are curious for having been hollowed out of a single piece of oak. Many have amazingly intricate locks, and almost all are heavily bound with iron. At Lower Peover in Cheshire we have seen a massive old chest with a heavy lid, and were told that in the old days no girl in the neighbourhood could be married till she had raised the lid with one hand.

Old Barkis kept all his worldly wealth in a box by his bed; and when Henry Cavendish, strangest of all millionaires, died, someone found a pathetic thing in an old chest of his. So shy that he had not dared to see his housekeeper, he was never married. But when he was dead a friend opened a box which had been carefully hidden away, and there lay the tattered fragments of a woman's dress, together with precious jewels. Had this pathetically shy millionaire loved once, and lost?

A Lovely Story

Robert Louis Stevenson's fine tale of Treasure Island came out of the seaman's chest at the Admiral Benbow; and the story of Pandora's box is one of the oldest stories in the world. But we think there is no lovelier story of a box than one we heard a little while ago.

It is of a girl who was sitting on a box and weeping, when a shabby man came up to her and asked what was the matter. "Oh dear," said she. "I'm the new scullery-maid at Arundel Castle, and the porter at the station said he would carry my box up for me, but he's put it down here ever so far away. Whatever am I to do?"

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about," said the shabby man. "I'll carry it for you."

The Shabby Man and His Name

So up the hill they went, and on the way the little maid asked questions about the castle—if they had late dinner every night, and if the cook was good-tempered. Presently she said, "Are you something at the castle?"

"Yes," the shabby man admitted, with a smile.

"I think I know what you are," said the scullery-maid. "You're the odd man. But tell me what they call you."

"Oh," said the shabby man, putting down the box near the back door of the castle, "they just call me Norfolk."

He was, of course, Queen Victoria's Duke of Norfolk.

To any Litter Lout

The Street is Not Your Dustbin

LOSS AND GAIN OF OIL FROM COAL

Safety in Peace and War

The gain from producing oil from coal instead of importing it has been questioned, and it is well to weigh the issues involved.

Suppose we were able to get all the petroleum we need from our British coal, and dispense with imports, what would this mean?

The estimate is that so much more coal would be needed that it would give regular work to 56,000 miners.

Against this there would be loss of employment in shipping, for hundreds of specially-constructed vessels—tankers—are needed to bring oil here from abroad. These ships have to be built, so that there would be loss of work in shipyards, and also the steel and engines for the ships would no longer be wanted. It does not seem, however, that these losses of work would be nearly as great as the gain to the miner.

Beyond this is the all-important question of safety. With oil of our own we should be safe in war and able to dispense with big stocks in peace.

CENTURIES OF LIFE

At Work at 109

A census of South Africa has discovered some ripe old centenarians among the natives.

There is one from Maritzburg who remembers when King Dingaan the Terrible ruled over the Zulus and was the death of many voortrekkers till he was defeated at Blood River in 1838. Dingaan was murdered two years later, so that anyone who can remember his rule must be well over a hundred.

Even more remarkable is old Raja, an Indian who came from the ricefields of Madras and has been for years a fruit-seller in Durban. He is 109, but he gets up at four each morning to reach the market in time to collect the fruit he tramps with round the slopes of the residential quarter of the Berea. He is alone, but is happy, strong, and hearty, and well able to look after himself.

OFFICE AND FACTORY

Unequal Protection

The factory worker is protected by splendid laws, which compel the employers to give cleanliness, sanitation, ventilation, and safety. The office worker has no protection, save what is afforded by the Public Health Acts.

Miss Amicia Carroll, of the Young Women's Christian Association, has been pointing out that Britain has 1,315,000 clerical workers, many of whom work in most unsatisfactory conditions, some in basements.

City offices not infrequently put young people in the rear of rooms lit only by transmitted light and inadequately ventilated. Work in basements is common, and hours of labour are often excessive.

Surely it is high time the Home Office gave as much protection to the clerk as to the factory worker.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of July 1911

The Boy Emperor. A tiny boy is growing up now as Emperor of China. There will be a new China for him when he is a man. Opium will be gone; mutilation and disfigurement of women by binding their feet will have ceased. The people will be educated in the European manner. There will be a great nation, governing itself as we govern ourselves, educated, powerful, skilful in trade and commerce and the arts.



"I like this - it's delicious"

ALL CHILDREN should have a delicious 'Ovaltine' during the summer months. They particularly need the abundant nourishment it supplies. With more time to play they use up their energy more freely than ever. And the light summer foods which the children prefer contain insufficient nourishment to create new energy.

'Ovaltine' is brimful of the nourishment that re-creates energy and vitality. It makes even the lightest meal complete in nutritive value. 'Ovaltine' is equally delicious, refreshing and nourishing whether taken as a hot or cold drink—and it does not overheat the blood.

'Ovaltine' is prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs. It contains, in the correct proportions and in a concentrated form, every nutritive element essential for building up strong, healthy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds.

For their Health's sake give them

'OVALTINE'
Cold or Hot

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

Remember, Ovaltine—cold or hot—is now served at Cafés, Restaurants, Bathing Pools and Milk Bars.

Every Boy and Girl should join the League of Ovaltineys

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official rulebook and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 184, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

JUPITER'S BIGGEST MOONS

Callisto and Ganymede

THE NEW STAR AND THE COMET

By the C.N. Astronomer

Jupiter is now a striking feature of the evening sky, being due south about 10 o'clock and far outshining all the rest of the celestial host.

The absence of the Moon in the late evening will make it possible, with the aid of good field-glasses, to obtain a glimpse of the two largest of Jupiter's moons. These are Callisto, which has a diameter of about 3150 miles, and Ganymede, about 3300 miles. They would appear half as wide again as our Moon were they as near, but they are with Jupiter, at present some 425 million miles away.

On the evenings of July 17 and 18 Callisto should be easily seen to the right of Jupiter at about one-third of our Moon's apparent diameter away. Callisto, though appearing close to



The position of the nova relative to the stars of Cepheus in the vicinity, as seen in the full view of the glasses

Jupiter, is nearly 1,168,000 miles from him; the satellite will, therefore, appear very faint.

Ganymede will be best seen on July 23 and 24, when near its greatest angular distance from Jupiter and to the left of him, but only about one-sixth the Moon's apparent width away. This satellite, which is much brighter than Callisto and of about fifth magnitude, might be easily seen without glasses were it not for the proximity of Jupiter.

If by any means Jupiter can be hidden from the field of view in the glasses the possibility of observing these moons will be greatly facilitated; a distant building or chimney-pot, say, will effect this; but in any case when viewing with glasses always steady them by resting the arm upon something.

As Ganymede takes 7 days 3 hours 42 minutes to revolve round Jupiter it will be found on the opposite side of the planet three or four days later, while Callisto, which revolves round Jupiter in 16 days 16 hours 32 minutes, will take about a week before it will be placed to best advantage at the opposite side.

How to Identify the Nova

Next week should provide good opportunities for viewing the new star and comet. The nova has diminished in brilliance, but will probably remain visible through the glasses for many weeks. The star-map shows the average field-of-view as seen through glasses. The nova may thus be identified with precision and its gradual fading from week to week noted by comparison with the adjoining stars. There may be some brightening-up periods recording fresh outbursts.

The Comet Peltier 1936a, when at its brightest, in between two and three weeks' time, will unfortunately be dimmed by the Moon's radiance. As the Moon will also appear in the same region of the heavens seekers should endeavour to observe the comet with glasses next week. Its present position may be estimated from last week's star-map, which shows its course until July 25.

G. F. M.

NOTHING FOR NOTHING

Seven Farmers Who Fled From Wealth

From the American State of Kansas comes the story of a company of farmers who left their farms rather than accept money for the oil found below them.

Something for hard work they approved; something for nothing seemed all wrong to them; and as they had to do nothing but stand around while the oil was drilled, and then pocket their share in it, they decided that they did not like the idea at all. They packed up their wives and children into their old-fashioned buggies, whipped up the horses, and set off for new farms near Fairbanks in Iowa, where they hope no prospector will find treasure hidden under the earth.

These hardworking people, who believe so literally that the love of money is the root of all evil, are descendants of a German-Russian group who arrived in America over a century ago to escape from compulsory military service. They are called the Amish Sect, and their neighbours speak of them as the Plain People, for they live extremely simply, work hard, and avoid all luxuries that might raise one of them above the other. They are cheerful and devout, the most helpful of neighbours, and their community is a tranquil oasis in the rush of modern life.

Blizzards and ruined crops they felt they could cope with—these were natural disasters; but a windfall of unearned money they felt might destroy their faith, and seven families turned their backs on it and hurried off to new farms, leaving the rest of their community to do what seemed best to them.

STREAMLINE FOR PARCELS

The parcels rail service is now experimenting with Streamline.

A rail-car similar in design to the sixteen streamlined passenger rail-cars now in service on the Great Western is providing an express early morning service for cakes, confectionery, and, later in the day, parcels traffic, between London, Reading, and Oxford, covering altogether 200 miles a day.

In place of the large observation windows provided on the passenger cars the parcels car has three glass-panelled doors on each side to facilitate stowing and clearing from the racks.

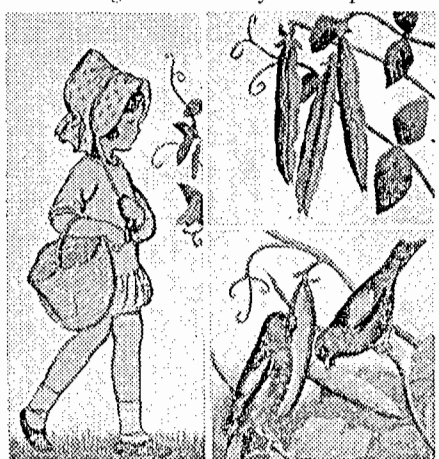
The car is driven by two 130-h.p. oil engines and is capable of a speed of 75 miles an hour.

THE C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Who Opened the Peapods?

When we are picking peas it is not unusual to see some pods that have been opened and from which the peas are missing. Most likely the culprits are



The birds that stole the peas

birds. Hawfinches are particularly fond of peas, and with their big and powerful beaks they easily tear open the pods and then quickly devour the peas.

WHAT HAPPENED

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

- July 19. Spanish Armada entered the Channel 1588
- 20. Jean Ingelow, poet, died at Kensington 1897
- 21. Robert Burns died at Dumfries 1793
- 22. First Earl of Shaftesbury born, Wimborne 1621
- 23. Vaccination Act passed 1840
- 24. Mary Queen of Scots abdicated 1567
- 25. Charles Dibdin died in London 1814

First Earl of Shaftesbury

Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, the son of a wealthy Dorsetshire baronet, though hampered by ill-health, rose to be the most prominent English statesman of his day.

In the great Civil War he was first a supporter of Charles I, but changed his opinion and side and became an active helper of Cromwell until the Protector made his government personal.

In 1660 Cooper favoured the return of Charles II, and by him was ennobled as Baron Shaftesbury.

Twelve years later he had reached the height of his influence, and was made an earl and appointed lord chancellor; but, disagreeing with the king's wishes, he went into opposition, and, appealing to the populace, was a sharp thorn in the side of the Court party. Twice during the next ten years he was imprisoned in the Tower, and, his life being threatened a third time, he fled to Holland, where he died.

Shaftesbury's character is very mixed, and it is shown to us chiefly by his bitter enemies. He was honest in a corrupt age, and often a defender of popular rights; but personal ambition warped his character, and he was very often cruelly intolerant.



A SURPRISE FROM THE ANTARCTIC

Crystals of calcium citrate from the bed of the Antarctic and crystals of calcium sulphate from the deserts of North Africa are among the new gifts to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

The crystals from the Antarctic were a surprise, for they form a new mineral which has been named earlandite, after Mr Arthur Earland, who dredged them from the sea bed on to the Discovery.

ONE WHEAT EAR GROWS TO BILLIONS

The Story of Canadian Marquis

OUR DAILY BREAD

Thirty-three years ago the New World redressed the balance of the Old by replenishing its daily bread.

A new wheat was found by Dr William Saunders specially suited for growing on the wheatfields of Canada and the United States, and was developed by his son, Sir Charles Saunders.

This famous Marquis wheat produced 300 million bushels a year in the war years, and now supplies the world with much larger quantities, in spite of any ravages by drought.

All this sprang from a few grains planted by Dr William Saunders in a plot at Experimental Research Farm, Ottawa, where he was the first director, and where the new administrative buildings have now been dedicated to him, the Father of Canadian wheat.

Supply Meets Demand

At that time there was a growing uneasiness, expressed by Sir William Crookes only five years before, lest the world's wheat supply should prove insufficient for the demand. Marquis wheat was one of his first answers to it, and since then other wheats, able to resist wheat diseases or the threats of summer drought or autumn frosts, have been added.

Marquis was the pioneer. It was the result of patient searching, such as was going on in many other lands, for a variety of wheat specially suited to Western Canada. It is a spring wheat. Its parent on the male side was a fine European wheat called Red Fife, which first came into the hands of David Fife, a farmer in Ontario, nearly a hundred years ago, from a chance packet sent to him from Glasgow, where it had arrived from Danzig. Red Fife did well in Canada.

The other parent of Marquis was a less distinguished variety, Hard Red Calcutta, which ripened early but was rather poor in the yield and short in the stalk.

How Marquis First Appeared

The mention of these two kinds of wheat may give an idea of the patient search of the wheat-breeders for new wheats suited to their needs. The result of crossing Red Fife and Hard Red Calcutta was to produce nearly a hundred varieties. Dr Saunders worked his way through them, studying head after head, and picking out those that seemed most promising.

Each head selected was sown and the offspring studied. Most were found unsuitable, but finally Marquis made its appearance, the wheat that was wanted. It was sown and sown again, till it had proved itself.

The first crop of the wheat destined in a dozen years to fill the Canadian corn bins to bursting was stored away in the winter of 1904 in a paper packet no larger than an envelope. Next year 12 plants were grown, and from them have sprung the bread of millions and the prosperity of the West of Canada.

1 2 3

3,100,000 people in Germany are receiving public assistance.

20,000,000 flags for the Coronation are being made by one Birmingham firm.

32,210,000 was the total tonnage that passed through the Suez Canal last year—the highest on record.

42,438,101 is the population of Italy according to the census taken in April.

936,000,000 lbs of rayon were produced in the world last year.

18,000,000,000 gallons of petrol were bought by American motorists last year.

DR MESSEL AND HIS MEDAL

A Joke at the Telephone

Sir Robert Mond, younger son of old Dr Ludwig Mond, had some stories to tell of the family the other day.

Dr Ludwig Mond came from Germany to become a naturalised British subject and to give to England many things. He gave it the Faraday Laboratory of the Royal Institution; he bequeathed pictures to the National Gallery; he was the father of the modern chemical industry in England.

Robert Mond, when being presented with the Messel medal, one of the chemical industry's prized awards, told how he had started his business life by washing his father's test tubes. The old laboratory was in a thatched shed next to an old smithy. In the smithy Robert worked also, and in a carpenter's shop, till he graduated as an engine-driver before he left school. With his brother Alfred (the first Lord Melchett) he took up the work of industrial chemistry in Mond Nickel and other enterprises which have grown into the vast Imperial Chemical Industries.

The Messel medal recalls another famous chemist, Dr Rudolf Messel, who also adopted England as his home, and was one of the pioneers in extracting nitrates from the air. Once we went to see him at his office in Victoria Street when the process was beginning to stand on its feet. While the writer was talking to him the telephone bell rang on his desk. It was a wrong call, but the caller, instead of ringing off, continued to ask who was answering. "My name?" said Dr Messel in exasperation. "My name? I am Mr Benjamin Binns, the Public Executioner!" Then he rang off with a delighted chuckle at his own joke.

A HOUSE FOR A KING Opened With a Golden Key

King Edward opened with a golden key the King's House at Burhill, the gift to his father, King George, by Royal Warrant Holders in the Jubilee-year.

This wonder house is fitted with every device science can suggest to add to its beauties of art and architecture.

The key which opened the front door is a master key unlocking every door in the house. The study is panelled in Canadian silkwood, and in it King Edward signed the first name in the visitor's book.

Every room has its electric clock keeping Greenwich time, nearly every room has its loudspeaker panelled in the wall. The kitchen's walls and ceiling are lined with stainless steel, the cooking-stove combines electricity and gas. The biggest bathroom is panelled in amber glass; an automatic switch opens the doors of the wardrobe.

All the material used in the house is British, home made, home grown, or sent by Dominions overseas. Every room is sound-proof. The basement cellars and laundry are damp-proof.

Last touch of memory is the solid silver weather-vane, a replica of King George's yacht Britannia.

MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS The Sea Sled

The Admiralty has produced its first motor torpedo-boat.

It is a speed-boat that can launch a torpedo and get away again with little risk. The vessel skims the sea, and is faster than any other war vessel.

Other European navies already have vessels of the kind. Sometimes they are called sea sleds.

In an American account of the Italian motor-vessels they are stated to be made of aluminium and wood, and to be capable of a speed of 60 miles or more an hour. Each carries two torpedoes.

A WORD FOR DICKENS Is He Being Read Today?

In the course of a fine tribute to Charles Dickens, Mr Alfred Noyes has been analysing the statement that the great novelist is not read nowadays.

His answer is that during the last two years alone 12 million copies of the works of Dickens were sold. Dickens, he added, though born so long ago as 1812, is still more alive than many people who are supposed to be alive.

Perhaps these figures overlook the fact that immense numbers of these volumes were not bought by the public in the usual way, but thrown at them like packets of tea as gifts; and therefore they do not count.

The oft-repeated assertion that Dickens is not read was dealt with at a conference of librarians, where one of the speakers, asking who were the people who made the statement, and what was the source of their information, stated that librarians, the people who actually handle books, find Dickens still among the most popular novelists.

Mr Noyes points out that in all the long history of English literature no other writer has been so beloved by so many conditions of readers, and to him Dickens seems destined for immortality. It is certainly within the knowledge of grown-ups that no other novelist has created so many characters who seem real in everyday thought, and that no other novelist has added so many phrases to our language.

CHANGING THE FACE OF ROME

A New View of St Peter's

Many of our readers will be glad to hear that the destroying Mussolini is going to destroy the Borgo; others will be sorry; and many more will not know what the Borgo is.

It is a triangle of narrow streets and somewhat tawdry buildings which get in the way of the approach from the Tiber to the great church and square of St Peter's in Rome.

Mussolini and the Pope have agreed that the approach is not worthy of the grandeur of St Peter's, and so the house-breakers are being set to work in these narrow streets, and in their place a piazza and triumphal arches are to lead us into the vast square.

Many there are who prefer their impressive sights less well organised, who love to come suddenly from the narrow streets to the grandeur of St Peter's square and church. They hate to think of the Rome they know being changed so drastically; but this new vista of St Peter's should be wonderfully impressive, and more in keeping, perhaps, with the Rome that loves Mussolini than with the Rome that loved Michael Angelo.

C N PAINTING COMPETITION

Names of Prizewinners

Many of the coloured pictures sent in for the C N Competition Number 3, which appeared in the issue dated June 27, showed a very high standard of artistic ability.

The best effort, in relation to age, was sent by Keith Holly, 38, King's Road, Henley-on-Thames, to whom the first prize of one guinea has been awarded.

Ten Coronet cameras have been awarded for the next best efforts to the following:

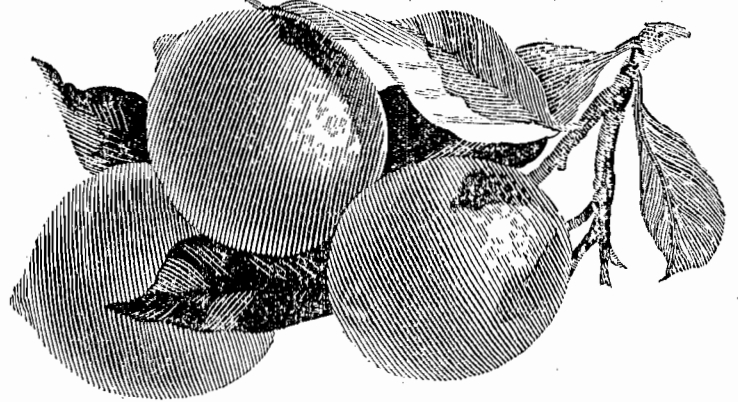
C. E. Cole, Wigan; Rosemary Crow, Guildford; W. J. Dawson, Fraserburgh; John Dennis, South Normanton; A. R. Goode, Birmingham; John Knight, Woking; Margaret Mellor, Mirfield; Doreen M. Middleton, Birmingham; John Old, Parkstone; David Williams, Hereford.

The prizes have been sent to all these boys and girls. See next week's C N for the announcement of another competition with many prizes.

Over . . . and over . . .



and over again . . . but—



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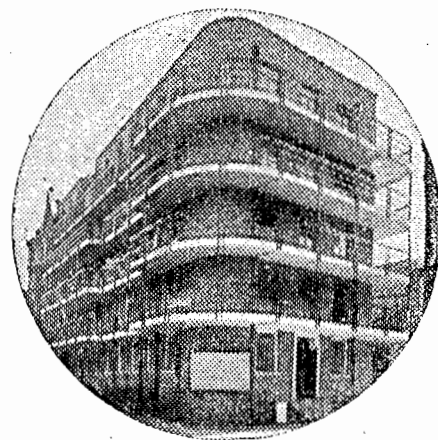
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GARON

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FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

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Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

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THE PLUNDER PIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 15

A Close Call For Chad

THERE was the sound of a match being scratched, then an exclamation of surprise. "Why, he ain't here!"

Chad didn't quite see why Ben should have been there, yet evidently Jake had expected him. Perhaps Ben had remained to watch the adit, in which case Jake probably would come through to the mouth to look for him. That thought wasn't a pleasant one, but it was too late now to do anything about it, so Chad made himself as small as he could and crouched down in the corner behind the boards. Then the inner door opened.

Chad was not easily scared, but now he was fairly shaking, for if this long fellow spotted him the last hope was gone for Jan and Clive. They might stay down in that black prison till they starved.

"Ben!" came Jake's voice again. He was angry now. "Drat the fellow!" he growled. "Why can't he do what he says he'll do?" He came right across to the opening and thrust his candle through. "Ben!" he shouted once more.

Chad gave up hope of escaping notice. He was on the point of springing up, knocking the candle out of Jake's hand, and making a rush for it, when Jake turned away.

"He ain't here either," the man growled. "He'll hear what I think of him before he's much older."

Chad could hardly believe his senses. Somehow the man had failed to see him and now was going back into the outer room. He was still grumbling and muttering angrily. In a minute or so he went out slamming the door behind him.

Even then Chad dared not move. He waited for the longest five minutes he had ever known before he dared to creep out of his muddy hiding-place, and no cat ever crossed a room more carefully than he. He peeped out of the door. The rain had nearly stopped and it was less dark than it had been. Then a flicker of lightning along the horizon showed a tall figure striding down toward the swollen brook. Chad waited no longer. Carrying the rope, he was out and off up the hill.

He saw no more of either Jake Treslove or Ben Grint and reached the mouth of the shaft in safety. It was worth all he had gone through to hear the joy in Clive's voice as the rope went snaking down into the depths.

"You first, Clive," Chad said. "Then you and I together can haul Jan up. And hurry! Jake's somewhere down by the brook, but I haven't a notion where Ben is."

There was no great difficulty in getting Clive up for he was a light weight; it was a much harder job hauling up Jan's eleven stone.

By this time all three were so exhausted they had to rest, so they found a big rock and sat under it. While they got back their breath and their strength Chad told them of his visit to the mine house and how he had got the rope.

"Jolly good work!" said Clive warmly. "Baint no doubt about that," Jan added.

"Next thing is to get home," Chad said. "I wish I knew where Ben was. He's the one I'm afraid of."

"I reckon he's gone across hill to t'other adit," Jan said thoughtfully. "Looks to me best thing we can do is to keep down into valley and follow brook. Her runs into Badger Brook."

"What about Jake?" Chad asked doubtfully.

"Us don't need be afraid of him," Jan answered. "Her won't face the three of us." "I don't believe he will," Chad agreed; "but what about the bogs, Jan? It'll be bad travelling after this storm."

"Aye, they'll be bad, but worse for them others than for us."

"All right," said Chad. "You know the country, so you'd better lead. Let's push along."

They got down into the valley without seeing anything of their enemies and went on as fast as they could. But the stream was over its banks and the bogs full of water, and the going was so bad that they were driven up the slope again. It was hard work, stumbling in the darkness over the rough ground, and all the time they were afraid of a flash betraying them to the two gangsters. The clouds still hid the stars, and every now and then rain came down heavily. They were of course soaked to the skin and deadly tired. It was lucky that Jan knew the moor, for alone the boys would have been hopelessly lost. At last

Jan stopped beside a streamlet which ran swiftly down the hill.

"I reckon us have covered the worst of un," he said. "Another mile and us ought to reach Badger Brook."

Clive caught Jan by the arm. "Someone's coming," he whispered.

Clive had wonderful powers of hearing, and Jan did not waste a moment. He pointed to the deep bed of the brook.

"Get down in there," he ordered, and all three slipped over the bank and stood knee-deep in cold, swiftly-running water. Next minute two figures showed up against the night sky.

"Ben and Jake," Chad whispered as he ducked below the bank. "Don't talk. They may hear us."

For a terrifying moment Chad thought they had heard, so straight did the two men come toward the place of hiding, but they were simply picking the easiest way through the rough heather. As they came they were talking.

"If we don't find 'em," Jake said, "I'm going to bunk."

"Don't be a fool," Ben retorted. "It don't matter where they go we're bound to get 'em."

CHAPTER 16

Wanda's Warning

THE men passed on and their voices died away. Chad turned to Jan. "Did you hear what Ben said?"

"I heard un. Reckon her was just talking."

"I'd have thought so myself if Jake had been speaking. But not Ben."

Jan grunted.

"Think it's safe to get out of this water, Jan?"

Jan agreed that they might get out, and, having done so, they went on slowly. The last thing they wanted was to catch up with the enemy. By this time Chad was longing for rest. He had been going hard for about sixteen hours, and that climb up the shaft had taken a lot out of him. Strong as he was, he badly needed supper and bed. Clive too was limping.

At last they came to the Badger Brook and, though they could not see the house,

knew they were within half a mile of it. Jan went more carefully than ever. He would not let them walk on the fisherman's path which ran along the bank, but kept to the hillside some way above the stream. Chad began to feel as though he positively hated heather and boulders.

The bay showed dimly in front and, at the top of it, the bridge over the Badger Brook, but Jan would not let them go down. "Like as not them fellows is waiting underneath," he said.

"We can't stay here all night, Jan. Let's go on quietly. If they are beneath the bridge we can be over before they catch us."

Jan objected, but at last it was agreed that they should go down to the bridge on hands and knees, crawling among the heather. The heather, of course, was soaking, but they were so wet already this did not make much odds.

Chad led, and had just reached the clump of gorse nearest the bridge when he almost fell over someone crouched there. He made a violent grab and heard a little cry of pain.

"You, Wanda!" he gasped in amazement.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," said Wanda in a quick, low voice. "I've been lying here ever so long, waiting for you. Those horrid men! I saw them from my window prowling about in the garden, and I felt sure they were the ones that had carried off Jan. So I slipped out the back way. The men were on the lower terrace and—and I thought it would be quite easy to climb over the garden wall to the right and get round without their seeing me, so as to find out what they were doing."

"It was jolly plucky of you," Chad said warmly.

"You wouldn't say so if you'd known how scared I was," Wanda answered. "And I was worse scared when I heard them coming straight toward the wall. I dropped down behind and simply didn't breathe. Then I heard them talking, and presently came to understand that they'd had you in some sort of prison, that you'd got away, and they were after you. They knew you had to get into the house, so they were going to wait outside till you came, then grab you."

"Where are they now?" Chad asked.

"Under the wall to the south of the house."

"Then if we go round by the north side we can get in at the back door without their seeing us."

JACKO DRIES THE CLOTHES

ONE morning a note arrived to say that Mrs Scrubbs was too poorly to come to work.

"On a wash-day, too!" wailed Mother Jacko. "Never mind," she added. "Jacko can give me a hand. Luckily he's at home this morning."

"Not much luck for this chap," grunted Jacko, who had to wash up the dishes and do lots of odd jobs. Then

Just then a visitor arrived, so Mother Jacko bustled off, telling him to get busy.

To Jacko's disgust he couldn't find the clothes-horse. Presently he caught sight of the drying-arm above the gas stove. "Coo! That'll do!" he chuckled, climbing up and spreading a heavy woollen jersey over it. Then he spread out some more things on chairs and arranged them round the fire.



"Whatever has happened?" she shrieked

he helped his mother to hang out the clothes to dry.

"That job's done!" he muttered, with a sigh of relief, when at last they were all on the line.

But it wasn't! In a few minutes the sky clouded over, and down came the rain! The clothes all had to be brought in again.

Mother Jacko decided to dry them indoors. "You must stay and help me put them on the horse, Jacko," she said, "and no more silly blunders, please."

Jacko grinned as he thought of the time when he spread his father's shirts to dry on Farmer Tutt's mare!

Suddenly there was a loud creak, and the drying-arm collapsed.

Splash! Down fell the jersey on the top of a saucepan, which promptly tilted over—and out shot a chicken!

It went plump into the lid, which had fallen on the floor, while, to Jacko's horror, streams of water ran in all directions!

His mother poked her head in.

"Mercy me! Whatever has happened?" she shrieked, staring at Jacko, who was mopping the floor.

It didn't take her long to find out, and when she did Jacko sprang up and took to his heels.

"That's what I was thinking," Wanda answered.

"And arter that I'll have summat to say to 'em," Jan remarked grimly.

Luck was with the boys. Another heavy shower came on and it was so dark that they were all able to walk over the bridge without being seen. Once under the north wall they were safe from sight and within a few minutes had reached the back door. Wanda had the key, but before she could put it in the latch the door opened and there was Rachel.

"Oh, my dear man!" cried Rachel and, without paying the least attention to anyone else, slung her arms round Jan's neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

Jan was scandalised.

"What be about, Rachel? Don't 'ee see the young gentlemen is wet to the bone?"

"We're all right, Rachel," said Chad, whereupon Rachel let Jan go and hugged him.

"It was you got Jan back for me, Mr Chad. And you, too, Mr Clive. I'm surely grateful."

Jan cut in. "Rachel, where be my gun? Them nasty chaps is outside this minute and I'm bound to prison 'em." He caught sight of his old double-barrel in the corner of the kitchen, snatched it up and ran out. The boys, tired as they were, followed.

The shower had passed and it was lighter. But when they got to the place where Ben and Jake had been hiding behind the wall there was no sign of them.

"Scared and gone," said Clive.

Jan was bitterly disappointed. He wanted to follow, but Chad persuaded him that this was foolish.

"They're half a mile away already," he said.

"But however did they know?" Jan demanded.

"Torgan warned them," said the quick-witted Clive. "His window faces the front of the house."

"Torgan. Aye, likely you're right, Mr Clive. Us'll settle with that gent in morning." He turned and they went back to the house, to find that Rachel had a good fire and was busy cooking.

"You go right up and change," she ordered the boys. "Supper'll be ready time you comes down. You too, Jan."

Ten minutes later they sat down in the kitchen to hot soup, cold beef and pickles, bread, butter, and cake. The boys insisted that Jan should join them, and while they ate they told Wanda and Rachel all their adventures. Wanda listened keenly. Her pretty face grew quite pale with excitement as Chad described his climb out of the mine and his visit to the blowing house for the rope.

"So you see," Chad ended, "we were right about Torgan. There's no doubt at all that he is on the track of the treasure and that he is at the bottom of the whole business."

"But what would he want with Jan, Mr Chad?" Rachel asked in a puzzled voice.

"To get him out of the way, Rachel. Same with us. He didn't want Clive and myself going into that cave or into the cellars."

"Dad shall send him packing tomorrow morning," Wanda said firmly.

"Her ought to go to prison," Jan declared, but Chad shook his head.

"We have no proof against him. Only thing we can do is to order him off the place and take jolly good care he doesn't come back."

Wanda was looking thoughtful. Now she spoke.

"I don't know how Mr Torgan came to know of the treasure, yet it seems pretty plain that he is at the back of all this. What seems plainest of all is that he's found it."

Chad's eyes widened. "Found it!" he repeated.

"Yes," put in Clive quickly. "Wanda's right. He must have found it, for if he hadn't what was the use of getting rid of us? Don't you see? He wanted us out of the way so that he could cart the stuff off without being disturbed."

"That's just what I thought," Wanda agreed.

"You're right, Clive," said Chad eagerly. "You and Wanda have hit the nail on the head, there's no doubt of it." He stiffened. "Then before Torgan goes we must have the truth from him."

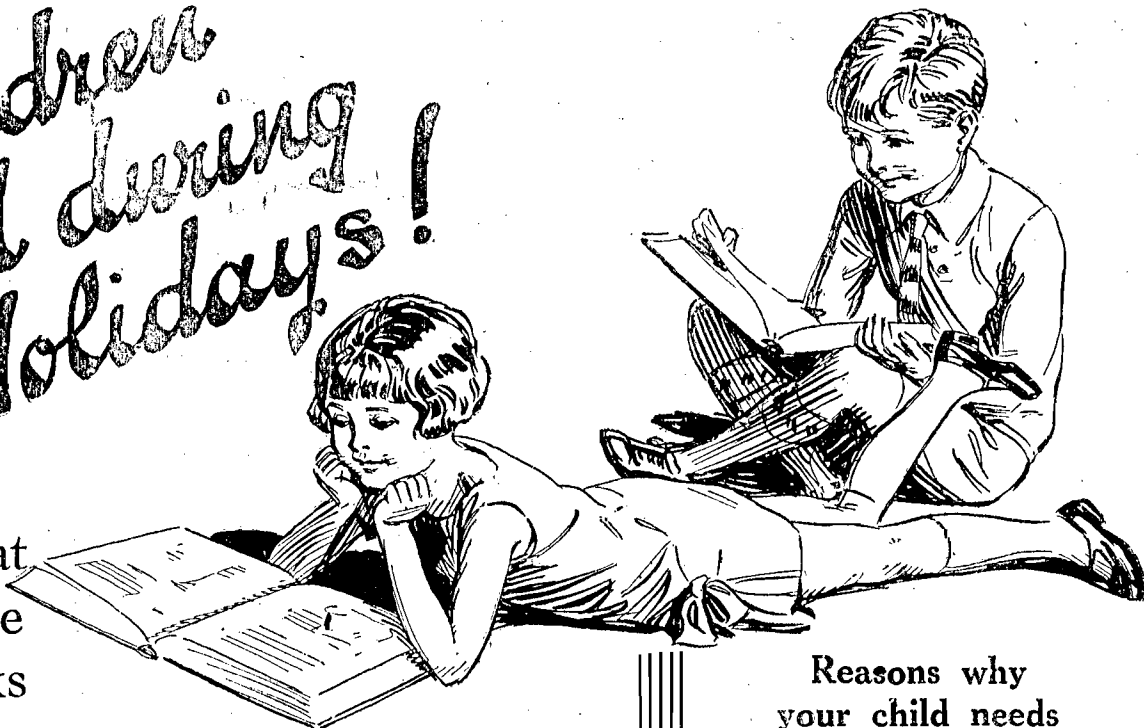
Jan nodded. "Aye, us'll do that, Mr Chad."

But disappointment was in store for all of them. When they got up next morning Torgan had gone. He had left before day-break in his car. In his room they found a note saying that he had been called away, and in the envelope was the money for his last week's board and lodging. All his things were gone. He had not left even an address.

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THE BRAN TUB

Beheaded Word

COME, guess me in a trice;
I'm worth any price;
Behead—I'm eaten as rice;
Behead—I'm slippery as ice;
Come, tell me my value.
You'll not be long, shall you?

Answer next week

Two Points of View

WHILE the orchestra was playing the hostess sat down beside an elderly guest.
"Don't they play beautifully," she said.
"Pardon?" queried the old gentleman.
"I said what a lovely orchestra."
"Sorry, I can't hear a word. This beastly band is making so much noise."

This Week in Nature

THE young kestrels are now making their appearance in various parts of the country. As they get older the kestrels obtain a reddish-fawn colour. In the second year the male birds become greyish blue on the head and neck, generally getting a more beautiful plumage with age. At harvest time kestrels may be seen hovering over the fields ready to pounce on mice and rats, usually very abundant at that time.

Idi on Parle Français



Le biscuit Le chien Un os
biscuit dog bone

"Le pauvre chien est fatigué. Il a fait une longue promenade. Donnez-lui un biscuit."—"Il aimerait mieux un os."

"The poor dog is tired. He has had a long walk. Give him a biscuit."
—"He would rather have a bone."

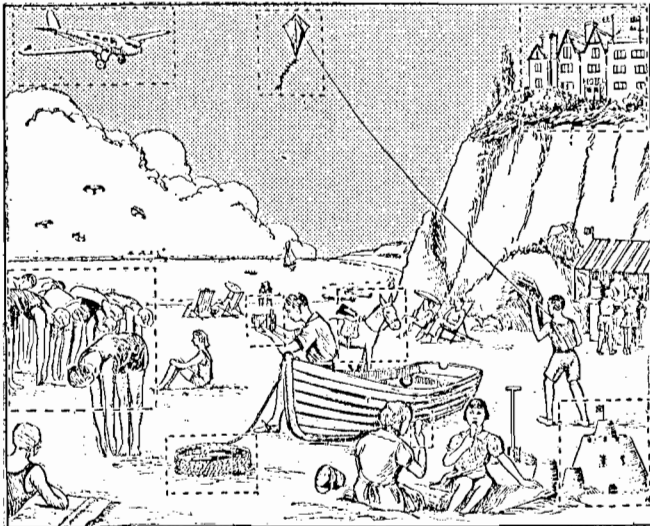
The Forgetful Professor

A FORGETFUL professor of Tottenham Took his boys to the big school at Tottenham, But on reaching the station He found, with vexation, That he had stupidly gone and forgotten 'em!

Animals and Rain

No animals really like heavy, lasting rain, and all, whether they are wild or domesticated, try to seek shelter during a storm. But even so, large numbers of creatures often get absolutely drenched. If we get wet to the skin we stand a good chance of developing a bad cold, but most animals, especially wild creatures,

A Seaside Acrostic



IN this beach scene some of the details are enclosed in dotted lines. If the nine words there represented are written down in correct order the initial letters will spell something that is usually seen in summer on a beach.

Answer next week

remain wet for some time without harm. The reason for this is not far to seek.

A famous naturalist once said that animals can withstand the effects of getting wet owing to their splendid state of health due to the temperate, natural lives they lead.

Transposition

IN autumn season comes my first, 'Tis often seen where sick are nursed.

Behead, transpose, and you will see

My bounteous produce on the tree. Cut off my tail and, strange to say, I now a vegetable display.

Again transpose and you have then

An emblem of all foppish men.

Answer next week

Clever

THEY were discussing a candidate for a local election.

"Is he a good orator?" asked Bill.

"Wonderful," was the reply.

"He can convince you of something without bothering to understand it himself."

Other Worlds Next Week

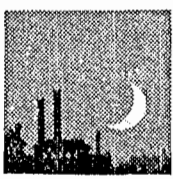
IN the evening Jupiter is in the South, and Saturn is in the

South-East toward midnight.

In the morning Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen

looking South

at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, July 22.



Jumbled Game and Poultry

IF properly re-arranged the letters of each of the following phrases (and word) spell the name of a bird that is served at table.

THAN PEAS GO SURE
PINES IN CHECK
DIP GARTER APT ARMING

Can you decipher them?

Answer next week

The Window-Cleaners



WE've shouted till we're nearly hoarse, But they don't seem to get our meaning.

Just what we want to know, of course, Is: Do they want their windows cleaning?

How Asia Got Its Name

THE oldest continent known to man is Asia. It is supposed that there man first made his appearance and later spread into other parts of the world. Asia is the modern name for this continent and comes from the Sanskrit word Ushas, which means land of the dawn, a very good name for what was probably the birthplace of the human race.

A Figure Curiosity

THE figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9 if multiplied by any number up to 81 that is divisible by 9 will give an answer made up of entirely one figure. For example:

12345679	12345679
36	54
74074074	49382716
37037037	61728395
44444444	66666666

Try the figures with some more numbers divisible by 9, such as 27, 45, 72, and you will always get an answer made up of entirely one figure.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Puzzle. There were ten sheep in the fold.

Jumbled Salad. Mayonnaise, cucumber, potato, lettuce, tomato, beetroot.

Puzzle Sentence. Look around you always and see that nothing vexes or crosses your eyes.

Charade. Ear-wig.

Tales Before Bedtime

David in Luck

AS David was running out of the house his mother called him back.

"I want you to take my book and change it at the library," she said.

"All right," said David. He wondered if his mother had forgotten that he had promised to spend the morning with his friend Jim.

"Ask for a book called Four Green Trees," his mother said. "It has a yellow back, and they are keeping it for me."

David took the one to be returned and set off.

"I'll run all the way," he decided, "then perhaps I shan't be very late."

It was a very hot little boy that arrived at the library and asked for the book.

"I'm very sorry," said the girl behind the counter. "I'm afraid there has been some mistake. All the copies of Four Green Trees are out at present."

"Oh dear," sighed David. "Perhaps you would care to take another instead?" suggested the girl, smiling.

"I'd better go back and ask, I think," said David.

Feeling hotter than ever he left the library and crossed the road.

Some way in front of him was a lady, carrying a bag. Suddenly she stopped, took her purse out of the bag, and disappeared into a shop. As she did so a pocket handkerchief fluttered to the ground.

David ran forward, picked it up, and followed her inside. To his surprise he saw that she was Jim's mother!

"I'm so glad I dropped it," she cried, as she took the handkerchief and thanked him. "You see, an uncle of Jim's turned up unexpectedly this morning and has taken him off to town, so you wouldn't have found him in!"

"Lucky James!" said David enviously.

"That's what I thought," she agreed, "so I decided to come along in the car and see if you and your mother would care to come out for a picnic with me."

"What a lovely idea!" cried David, his eyes shining.

"I'll take you back in the car," said Jim's mother. "But, to save time, would you run across to the library with this book?"

As she spoke she pulled out a yellow book from her bag. David saw the words Four Green Trees on the cover.

David stared. "Why, that's the book Mother wants," he cried.

How they laughed!

"I'm more than ever glad I dropped my handkerchief," said Jim's mother.

Then they got into the car and away they went.

CHILDREN!

3

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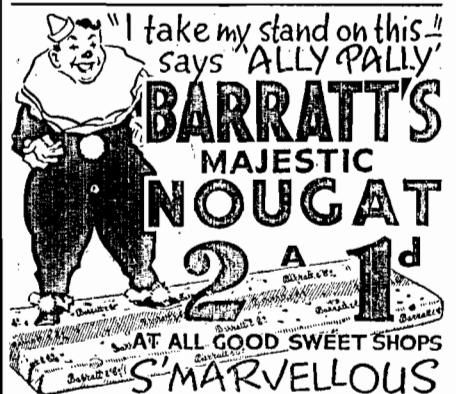
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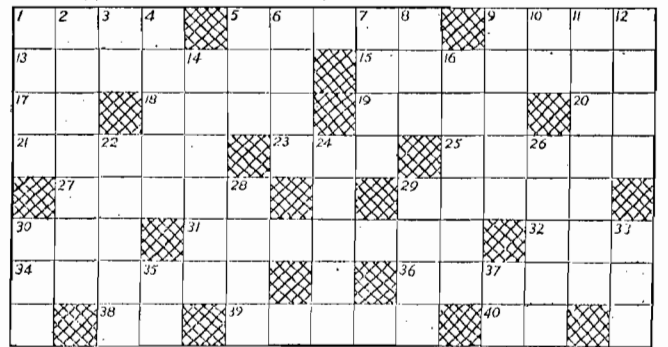
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The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations among the clues below are indicated by asterisks. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. Lack of necessities. 5. Chosen. 9. A desert dweller. 13. To confirm. 15. Position without. 17. Company. * 18. Fruits with hard cases. 19. Burden. 20. Virginia. * 21. Term for renown. 23. To wet thoroughly. 25. Separate. 27. Foster. 29. In motion. 30. Frozen water. 31. Archaic term for the Gospel. 32. Donkey. 34. Narrative. 36. Used for curdling milk. 38. Steamship. * 39. Exhibition of cowboy skill. 40. An announcement.



Reading Down. 1. Connects the head and shoulders. 2. Pronounce words. 3. Editor. * 4. Giver. 5. French for is. 6. Of smaller quantity. 7. To enclose in narrow compass. 8. A large barrel. 9. A possession. 10. Royal institution. * 11. Contrary. 12. A thick-furred quadruped. 14. Reddish brown. 18. Struggle. 22. Combats. 24. Possessed. 26. Article of food. 28. For all future time. 29. Pertaining to flying. 30. Wrath. 33. Where pigs live. 35. A Roman copper coin. 37. Symbol for sodium.